ANGELS

OF THE

BATTLEFIELD.

A History of the Labors of the Catholic Sisterhoods in the Late Civil War.

BY GEORGE BARTON.

...1897...

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

The object of this volume is to present in as compact and comprehensive form as possible the history of the Catholic Sisterhoods in the late Civil War. Many books have been written on the work of other women in this war, but, aside from fugitive newspaper paragraphs, nothing has ever been published concerning the self-sacrificing labors of these Sisterhoods. Whatever may have been the cause of this neglect or indifference, it is evident that the time has arrived to fill this important gap in the literature of the war.

"The Sisters," to quote an army chaplain, "do not have reunions or camp-fires to keep alive the memories of the most bloody lustrum in our history, but their war stories are as heroic, and far more edifying, than many the veterans tell."

That genuine humility so characteristic of the Sisters has made the collection of the necessary data for this work very difficult. Most of the stories embodied in the pages that follow have been gathered by personal interviews, through examinations of various archives and records, and by an extensive correspondence with Government officials,

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veterans of the war and the superiors of convents and communities. It is impossible to enumerate all those who have aided in the work, but the writer desires to thank especially the Sisters to whom he is indebted for the chapters relating to the Sisters of Mercy who were with the Irish Brigade in the West, and to the Sisters of St. Joseph who were at Camp Curtin, in Harrisburg, Pa.

Of course, there has been no intention of presenting a history, or even a sketch, of the war itself and the merest thread of its events has been introduced solely for the purpose of making the narrative of the Sisters as consecutive as the scattered data permitted. The aim has been constantly to present facts in an impartial manner. How far the writer has succeeded remains for the reader to judge.

The chivalrous men wearing both the Blue and the Gray, who caused American manhood and valor to be known and respected the world over, have on many occasions, and in various ways, given expression to the esteem and affection in which they hold the women who devoted their lives to the care of the sick and wounded. The ranks of the war Sisters have been grndually thinned out by death until but a handful of them remain. These survivors rest in their convent homes, tranquilly awaiting the final summons to a land where conflict is unknown. They may die, but the story of their patriotic and humane work will live as long as love for loyalty, regard for duty and admiration for self-sacrifice exist in the hearts of the American people.

G. B.

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On the twelfth day of April, 1861, the first shot fired upon Fort Sumter, formally inaugurated the civil war in the United States. On the ninth of April, 1865, Grant and Lee were the principals in the historic meeting at Appomattox Court House, by which hostilities were virtually terminated. The interval between those two memorable dates presents the greatest ordeal in the history of the Republic.

As a result of these four momentous years of conflict the nation was deprived by death and disease of one million men. The total number of enlisted soldiers in the Union Army during the whole of the war amounted to 2,688,523. As many of these men were mustered in twice, and as a certain percentage deserted, it is

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reasonable to estimate that 1,500,000 men were actively engaged in the Northern armies.

Of this number 56,000 died on the field of battle, 35,000 expired in the hospitals from the effects of wounds received in action, and 184,000 perished by disease. It is probable that those who died of disease after their discharge from the army would swell the total to 300,000. If inferior hospital service and poor sanitary arrangements are added to the other results of war, it is safe to assume that the loss of the South was greater than that of the North. But, considering the Southern loss equal to that of the North, the aggregate is 600,000. Add to this 400,000 men crippled or permanently disabled by disease, and the total subtraction from the productive force of the nation reaches the stupendous total of 1,000,000 men. These figures seem almost incredible, but they come from what, in this particular at least, must be regarded as a trustworthy source (1).

The task of caring for such an army of dead and wounded was no light one. In the beginning of the war this feature of military life was conducted in an uncertain and spasmodic manner. As time wore on, it became evident that the war was not to consist of a few skirmishes, but was likely to be a protracted struggle between two bodies of determined men (2).Then the necessity of a systematic sanitary and hospital service made itself apparent. As a result of the pressing needs of the hour the Sanitary Commission and the Christian Commission were organized. The meritorious nature of the work of these great

(1). Greeley's "American Conflict.

(2). There were 2261 known battles, engagements and skirmishes during the war.

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charities has been made known by reports and books published since the war. The details of the good deeds of both organizations in supplying nurses and in caring for invalids generally are too well known to need repetition.

But the story of the labors of the Catholic Sisters is not so well known. To begin with, the Sisters brought to their aid in caring for the sick and wounded soldiers the experience, training and discipline of the religious bodies with which they were identified. Self-denial was a feature of their daily life, and the fact that they had taken vows of poverty, chastity and obedience peculiarly fitted them for a duty that demanded personal sacrifices almost every hour of the day and night.

From the data obtainable it appears that the members of four Catholic Sisterhoods participated in the merciful work incident to the war. These included the Sisters of Charity, the Sisters of Mercy, the Sisters of St. Joseph and the Sisters of the Holy Cross (3). The soldiers, like many people in civil life, made no distinction between the orders, and to them the dark-robed angels of the battlefields were all "Sisters of Charity."

There are now three orders of the Sisters of Charity in the United States. The "black caps," or Mother Seton Sisters, who have establishments in New York, Cincinnati and other places; the "white caps," or Cornette Sisters, of Emmittsburg, Md., and the Sisters of Charity, of Nazareth, Ky. There are probably 5000 members of these three orders of Sisters of Charity in this country to-day. The Nazareth community was founded in 1812 by a few pious

(3). It is probable that scattering members from one or two other orders did praiseworthy work during the war, but diligent inquiry has failed to bring forth any specific facts concerning their labors.

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American ladies near Nazareth, Ky., under Bishops Flaget and David. Mother Catherine Spalding, a relative of the late Archbishop of Baltimore, and of the present Bishop of Peoria, Ill., was the first Superioress. The members of all these three branches of the Sisters of Charity did good work during the war.

The Congregation of the Sisters of Mercy was founded by Miss Catherine McAuley, in Dublin, Ireland, September 24, 1827. Seven Sisters, who came from Carlow, Ireland, established the order in the United States, locating in Pittsburg, Pa. The Sisters of the Holy Cross have a Mother House at Notre Dame, Ind., and conduct establishments in a large number of dioceses.

The Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph was founded in France, in 1650. In the general ruin incident to the French Revolution, near the close of the last century, the convents of the order were destroyed. The body was subsequently reorganized, and six Sisters from the Mother House at Lyon came to St. Louis in 1836, at the request of Bishop Rosati, and founded a house at Carondelet, Mo. This became the Mother House in this country. A number of independent houses of the order have since been established, notably the one at Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

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The problem of how to provide the necessary nurses for both the Union and Confederate Armies. Sisters not able to volunteer without the approval of their superiors. An interesting epistle from Archbishop Hughes to Archbishop Kenrick, The New York prelate appointed by President Lincoln as a peace commissioner to France. A characteristic letter from the martyred President to the great Archbishop. Quelling the draft riots in New York city.

Very early in the war the question of providing nurses for the sick and wounded soldiers of both armies became a serious problem, no only to the civil authorities, but also to the Church officials. In every great emergency questions of this kind generally solve themselves. It proved so in this instance. The first shot had hardly been fired, the first battle fought and the first improvised hospital put into service, before volunteers from all sections of the country had placed themselves at the disposal of generals of the contending armies. These offers came both from lay women and from members of the various Sisterhoods connected with the Catholic Church in the United States. The Sisters, of course,

LINCOLN.

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being under certain rules and discipline, were not able to volunteer until they had obtained the consent and approval of their Superiors.

In the beginning the nurses for the armies were taken from all walks of life. While they were zealous and entered upon their work with the desire of alleviating suffering, they did not have the disposition or training necessary to carry on the work with the ease and thoroughness essential to complete success. As the war progressed and battles occurred more frequently, and the number of sick and wounded became alarmingly large, the medical directors in both the Union and Confederate armies began to recognize and appreciate the real value of the Sisters.

The following letter (1), written by Archbishop Hughes, of New York, to Most Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, D. D., Archbishop of the See of Baltimore, shows that the subject was a live one in Church circles at that time:

To the Archbishop of Baltimore. May 9, 1861.

Most Reverend and Dear Sir:—

The Superior of the Jesuits here called upon me more than a week ago to state that their society would be prepared to furnish for spiritual necessities of the army, North and South, as many as ten chaplains, speaking all the civilized languages of Europe or America. I heard him, but did not make any reply. For myself I have sent but one chaplain with the Sixty-ninth Regiment, and to him I have already given the facilities which you had the kindness to confer upon me for such an occasion.

There is also another question growing up, and it is about nurses for the sick and wounded. Our Sisters of Mercy have volunteered after the example of their Sisters toiling in the Crimean war. I have signified to them,

(1). Life of Archbishop Hughes, by John R. G. Hassard.

not harshly, that they had better mind their own affairs until their services are needed. I am now informed indirectly that the Sisters of Charity in the diocese would be willing to volunteer a force of from fifty to one hundred nurses. To this last proposition I have very strong objections. Besides, it would seem to me natural and proper that the Sisters of Charity in Emmittsburg should occupy the very honorable post of nursing the sick and wounded. But, on the other hand, Maryland is a divided community at this moment, whereas New York is understood to be all on one side. In fact, as the question now stands, Maryland is in America, for the moment, as Belgium has been the battlefield of Europe. As I mentioned several days ago, Baltimore must be destroyed or it must succumb to Northern determination.

On these several points I would like much to know what your Grace thinks and would advise.

Sincerely your devoted brother and servant in Christ.

JOHN, Archbishop of New York.

While, as the Archbishop stated in his letter, Maryland might have been a divided community, the same could not be said of the Sisters of Charity of Emmittsburg. They were united in occupying "the very honorable post of nursing the sick and wounded" on both sides of the great conflict. It is interesting to note that as time went on the Bishop changed some of his views regarding the Sisters, as expressed in the above letter. Both the Sisters of Charity and the Sisters of Mercy in the Diocese of New York served in the camps and the hospitals. To begin with, the Archbishop withdrew his "strong objection" to the one hundred Sisters of Charity who desired to volunteer in the early stages of the war. After that all those who were willing to undertake the humane work went into it with his blessing and best wishes.

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There are conflicting opinions regarding the propriety of the "war stand" taken by the Archbishop, but it is generally agreed that he was one of the heroic figures of war times. He had the absolute confidence of President Lincoln, and on the 21st of October, 1861, was sent abroad with Thurlow Weed on a "peace commission." The Archbishop went to France, while Mr. Weed confined his work to England. At the same time Messrs. Mason and Slidell were in Europe on a mission in the interests of the Confederacy. The late Bishop McNierny, of Albany, then a young priest in New York City, accompanied the Archbishop to France, acting in the capacity of private secretary.

These two rival "missions" to Europe were covered with all sorts of honeyed diplomatic terms, but their real purpose was well known. Messrs. Mason and Slidell went to induce one or more of the powerful nations of the old world to throw the weight of their influence with the Southern Confederacy. The mission of the Archbishop and Mr. Weed was to prevent that result.

The following letter from President Lincoln to Archbishop Hughes is of interest. It was the beginning of a warm personal friendship between two strong men—a friendship ended only by death.

Washington, D. C., October 21, 1861.

Archbishop Hughes.

Rt. Rev. Sir:—I am sure you will pardon me if, in my ignorance, I do not address you with technical correctness.

I find no law authorizing the appointment of chaplains for our hospitals, and yet the services of chaplains are more needed, perhaps, in hospitals than with the healthy soldiers in the field. With this view I have

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given a sort of quasi appointment (a copy of which I enclose) to each of three Protestant ministers, who have accepted and entered upon the duties.

If you perceive no objection I will thank you to give me the name or names of one or more suitable persons of the Catholic Church to whom I may with propriety tender the same service.

Many thanks for your kind and judicious letters to Governor Seward, and which he regularly allows me the pleasure and profit of perusing.

With the highest respect. Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

A letter written by Archbishop Hughes to Cardinal Barnabo, at the time of his appointment by President Lincoln, goes to show that the Archbishop accepted the mission with the very highest motives. After explaining that he had refused it once and only reconsidered his refusal at the earnest request of the President, he adds: "My mission was and is a mission of peace between France and England on the one side, and the United States on the other. The time was so brief between my visit to Washington and my departure from New York that I had no opportunity of writing to your Eminence upon the subject, or of consulting any of the other Bishops in regard to it. I made it known to the President that if I should come to Europe it would not be as a partisan of the North more than of the South; that I should represent the interests of the South as well as of the North; in short, the interests of all the United States just the same as if they had not been distracted by the present civil war. The people of the South know that I am not opposed to their interests. They have even published that in their papers, and some say that my coming to Europe is with a view to bringing

about a reconciliation between the two sections of the country. But in fact no one but myself, either North or South, knows the entire object of my visit to Europe."

Archbishop Hughes was one of the great men of his day. He was on terms of friendship with several of the Presidents who preceded Mr. Lincoln, and also enjoyed the confidence and respect of the leading statesmen of the nation. As early as 1847 he preached before Congress upon the invitation of such men as John Quincy Adams, John C. Calhoun and Thomas H. Benton. His subject was: "Christianity, the Only Source of Moral, Social and Political Regeneration."

In July, 1863, Archbishop Hughes was instrumental in quelling the draft riots in New York City. The mob was beyond the control of the local authorities, and the Archbishop finally consented to say a few words in the interest of law and order. The venerable prelate was fast approaching his end. He was so weak at this time that he had to be conveyed to the balcony of his residence in an arm chair. He spoke briefly, and succeeded in inducing the rioters to return to their homes for the time being. It was his last public appearance, and soon after this he peacefully passed away, surrounded by friends and relatives and the ever faithful Sisters of Charity.

In the chapters that follow it is proposed to deal with the labors of the Sisters of Charity, taking up first the Cornette or Emmittsburg Sisters, then the "Sisters of Charity of Nazareth," and finally the "black caps" or Mother Seton Sisters. The concluding chapters deal with the Sisters of Mercy, the Sisters of St. Joseph and the Sisters of the Holy Cross in the order named.

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CHAPTER III.

IN AND AROUND RICHMOND.

Sisters of Charity inaugurate their labors in the Confederate Capital. St. Anne's Military Hospital begins with three hundred patients. A zealous Sister makes her colleague prisoner in the pantry. An odor of death, and how it was caused. The Union soldier who was "shot at Manassas." Nurses who first got "a puff and then a buff."

In the early part of June, 1861, Dr. Gibson, who was in charge of the Military Hospital at the Confederate capital, Richmond, Va., called upon the Sisters of Charity of Emmittsburg to come to the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers in that neighborhood. The late Rt. Rev. John McGill, the Bishop of the Diocese of Richmond, did not object to having the Sisters engage in a work of mercy, but he was opposed to any hospital or infirmary which might prove to be an obstacle to or impair the prosperity of the church hospital of St. Francis de Sales. The civil authorities did not make any impression upon the prelate, but when the Sisters themselves called at the episcopal palace and begged to be assigned to the work, the Bishop could not resist, and the coveted consent was obtained.

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It was announced that the Sisters would begin their work on the following Saturday. Two physicians called at the convent, and conducted them to the institution, which afterwards became known as St. Anne's Military Hospital. The structure was in an unfinished state, and the walls were not plastered. But it was thoroughly ventilated and free from dampness, and that meant much in a building designed for the care of the sick.

The house contained altogether about three hundred patients. Each ward held from twelve to fourteen men, and the rooms opened into one another. It was noon when the Sisters arrived, and they were shocked to find that many of the wounded men had not yet broken their fast. The first care of the newcomers was to relieve the hunger of the patients. To effect this they went to the kitchen, making the acquaintance of "Nicholas," the cook; "Black George," his assistant, and other occupants of this section of the house. While these employes were good men and were doing their very best, they succeeded but poorly in having an orderly kitchen, or in providing the soldiers with the sort of food adapted to their weakened condition.

One Sister among those who had volunteered to work in the hospital was detained a little later than the others. She felt remorseful at the unavoidable delay, but determined to compensate for it by unusual activity. The first thing that caught her alert eye on her arrival was a pantry with the door wide open. Burning with zeal to be useful she closed and locked the door. Suddenly there was a rapping from the inside. The zealous Sister was not superstitious, nor could she be called nervous, but these strong noises frightened her, and she became pale as the rappings continued to grow in volume and number.

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"Open the door and let me out," came in sepulchral tones from the pantry.

The key was applied and the door hastily opened, and out walked another frightened Sister, who had been imprisoned while searching for supplies.

After many little incidents of a trivial character order was restored from chaos. Some of the soldiers declared that the first meal they received from the Sisters was better than anything they had eaten since entering the army. The Sisters, that first night, got no sleep, for the wants of the sufferers were pressing.

One of the patients called a Sister to his bedside and in a low voice said: "You know the doctors think I may not live over night, therefore I have a great favor to ask that I hope you will not refuse. I have a mother." Here tears checked his utterance. The Sister said: "I understand; you want me to write to her." "Yes," he said; "say that her child is dead, but do not tell her how I have suffered; that would break her heart."

This delicate mission, like many similar ones entrusted to the Sisters, was faithfully fulfilled.

The wounded men came from the battles and skirmishes that had taken place in the vicinity of Richmond, notably Phillippi, Big Bethel, Romney, Rich Mountain, Carrick's Ford and Manassas, Va. The last engagement, which is also known as the first battle of Bull Run, ended disastrously for the Union forces. It occurred on the 21st of July, 1861, and the Sisters silently going the rounds in their infirmary could almost hear the reverberating sound of the shot and shell.

Toward night about fifty wounded soldiers, prisoners from Manassas, were brought into the hospital, some

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dying and others wounded, and until better accommodations could be provided they had to be laid on the floor.

One of the Sisters was called by the doctor, who said: "Sister, get something for this poor man's head; he has just asked for a log of wood."

The Sister went out, but where to get a pillow was a mystery; everyone was engaged. At last a pillow case was found, and the bright idea came to the Sister: "I will stuff it with paper." She brought it to the man, who was a down-East Yankee, thinking the invention suited the individual for whom it was destined. The poor fellow, despite his suffering, smiled as it was given him.

It was very late when the Sisters finally prepared to retire from a hard day's work. They were not settled in their room before Sister Blanche remarked:

"I cannot sleep; there is such an odor of death about this apartment."

Nevertheless they composed themselves as best as they could. In the morning the secret of the strong odor was revealed. A pair of human limbs amputated the week before had been carelessly thrown in the adjoining room. It was a great trial for the Sister to visit that room. She covered her nose and mouth with her handkerchief and threw open the windows. Under her directions the limbs were at once interred. One of the Sisters writing in her diary at his time says: "Yesterday a man was buried with three legs."

On Sunday morning an addition of eleven Union officers was received to the number of wounded. They were given accommodations in the garret. In the officers' quarters were found captains, majors, lieutenants and sergeants, all wounded. One fellow blessed with a fine voice

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had a guitar loaned him, and he could always be seen in a corner whiling away the dull hours. Sometimes these invalid officers were annoyed by visitors who were untiring in their questions.

"Where were you shot at?" asked one inquisitive individual, meaning in what part of the body.

"Shot at Manassas," was the laconic reply.

As one of the Sisters was crossing the porch a tall, brawny soldier cried out: "You ladies have a sight of work to do, but I tell you what, you get high pay."

"None at all," was the quiet answer.

"What!" said he, starting back with surprise; "you don't tell me you do all this work for nothing?"

"Precisely," was the quiet response.

One of the nurses or hands about the place being sadly put out about something that went wrong exclaimed that he was "neither an angel nor a Sister of Charity," and that he would not put up with it at all. Sister Mary Ann, in speaking of the varied dispositions of the men, said that the Sisters "first got a puff and then a buff."

Five of the Union officers who were in the garret clubbed together after their departure and sent the Sisters a check for fifty dollars for the benefit of the orphanage in Richmond.

The Infirmary of St. Francis de Sales had been in operation by the Sisters for the sick in general when the war commenced, but after that it was utilized for the wounded soldiers. On May 16, 1861, the Sisters in this institution were appealed to by the medical authorities. Very soon the building was too much crowded for the patients. The Government then took a large house, which was transformed into a hospital. It was thought that

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male nurses would answer the purpose. In a few days, however, the surgeon and officers in charge went to the Sisters at the Infirmary, begging them to come to their assistance at the new hospital, as the sick were very much in need of their services. The Sisters went to this hospital on June 26, 1861.

Other hospitals in and around Richmond were built, and as rapidly as they were made ready for use the surgeons applied for Sisters to take charge of them. All of the Sisters outside of the blockade which existed at that time were at military posts, except those engaged in caring for the orphans. The schools and academies controlled by the Sisters had been closed for some time. As the Sisters were sent to many different hospitals the number that could be assigned for each one was small. The hospitals were often without the necessaries of life. For the Sisters' table rough corn bread and strong fat bacon were luxuries; as for beverages, they could rarely tell what was given to them for tea or coffee, for at one time it was sage and at another herbs.

Soon after going to one of the new hospitals in Richmond the surgeon in charge said to one of the Sisters: "I am obliged to make known our difficulties to you that you may enable me to surmount them, for you ladies accomplish all you undertake. Until now we have been supplied with the delicacies necessary for our patients from Louisiana, but the blockade prevents this at present and I fear to enter the wards, as the poor men are still asking for former refreshments, and they cannot be quieted. We dislike to inform them of the strait we are in, though this state of affairs may be of short duration."

The Sister hardly knew what to do, but proposed that

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wagons be sent among the farmhouses for the purpose of gathering in fowl, milk, butter and fruit. This was done, but in the meantime complaints had been made to headquarters that since the Sisters had come to the hospital all delicacies had been withheld from the poor sick. The surgeon and Sisters knew nothing of this complaint until a deputy Government official arrived to learn the truth of the charges. He visited the wards during meal time, after which he entered the room where the Sisters dined. Then he told the surgeon the motive of his visit. The surgeon was glad to explain to the deputy the cause of the complaints. The deputy informed the soldiers that the nurses were not in any way responsible for their sufferings, and that the fare of the Sisters was always worse than that furnished to the soldiers.

The men soon became convinced that they had been too hasty in their judgment of the Sisters, and that the stoppage of the delicacies was for unavoidable causes. They found before long that the "Angels of the Battlefield," as they came to call the Sisters, had but one desire, and that was to add to their comfort, as much as the limited supplies would permit.

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CHAPTER IV.

HARPER'S FERRY.

The adventures of three Sisters who were detailed from the mother house at Emmittsburg. Their offer to retire in the interest of the ladies of Winchester. A night's "repose" with foreheads resting upon umbrella handles. A journey homeward by car and stage, and then across the Potomac River in a flat canoe. Received at the convent as one from the grave.

Nearly all the Sisters that could be spared had been sent from the mother house at Emmittsburg, and were engaged in performing works of charity on the battle-fields and in the various camps and hospitals. On June 7, 1861, a telegram was received from the authorities asking that a number of Sisters be detailed to serve the sick and wounded soldiers at Harper's Ferry.

GRANT.

In spite of the severe strain that it entailed upon their available assignments, the Superiors made the sacrifice of sending three Sisters. These brave women left Emmittsburg on June 9 for Frederick City. Mother Ann Simeon cautioned them to act with prudence, lest they meet with trouble, as they had the Northern Army and its sentinels

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to pass in order to reach their destination. An orderly had been sent to escort them, but the Sisters passed their intended guide without knowing it, by going by them on the road to Emmittsburg.

An expected engagement kept villagers and farmers quietly at home. Men cautiously whispered their fears or opinions, and the sight of people bold enough to travel just then was a matter that occasioned mild surprise. For this reason the Sisters tried to huddle in the rear of the stage coach, hoping to pass unobserved. During a brief halt for the mail in one little town the driver opened the stage door and handing in a letter said in a loud voice:

"Sisters, a gentleman in Emmittsburg desires you to put this letter in a Southern post office after you have crossed the line."

The eyes of the curious and astonished people were on them in a moment. The Sisters were not aware that the driver knew of their destination, but they remained quiet and made the best of the incident. The heat was excessive. One of the horses gave out on the way, and another had to be hastily substituted. After some delay the party arrived in Frederick City. A few sentinels stood here and there, but no one paid much attention to the new arrivals. Before they started again, however, a number of men gathered around their carriages, saying: "Why, ladies, where are you going?" Several of the men asked questions at the same time, but the Sisters stared at them blankly, and civilly answered anything except what the gossips most desired to know.

As hostilities had stopped the railway cars the pilgrims had to continue their journey in a stage-coach. Almost sick with heat they journeyed on until another horse

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succumbed. This meant more trouble and suspense, but it was borne with heroic patience.

The most exciting adventure was yet to come. The rocks of the Maryland Heights on one side, and the Potomac River on the left, came in view. Just as the carriage was, seemingly, proceeding smoothly on its way there came a sudden grating sound and then an abrupt stop. "We're stuck!" ejaculated the driver, with more force than elegance. The carriage was so tightly fastened that it was feared the vehicle would have to be abandoned and the remainder of the journey made upon foot. The driver swore and stormed about, while the Sisters meekly looked on in silence, fearing to further irritate him with suggestions. Finally the carriage was extricated and the pilgrimage proceeded upon its way.

About twilight the Southern pickets were seen, for the South still held a portion of Maryland. The first soldier inquired where the Sisters were going, and with what intent. He then passed them on to the next guard, and so on until they came to the last, who said: "We have just received such strict orders regarding persons crossing in or out, that it is not in my power to pass you on." The captain of the guards was sent for, however, and the Sisters were transferred over the Potomac Bridge. Great cargoes of powder had already been placed on this bridge, so that, in the event of the enemy's approach it might be destroyed.

Harper's Ferry is at the junction of the Potomac and Shenandoah Rivers, the Potomac separating Maryland and Virginia. A summit above the town, standing between the two rivers, is called Bolivar Heights. On this elevation was located the military hospital where the

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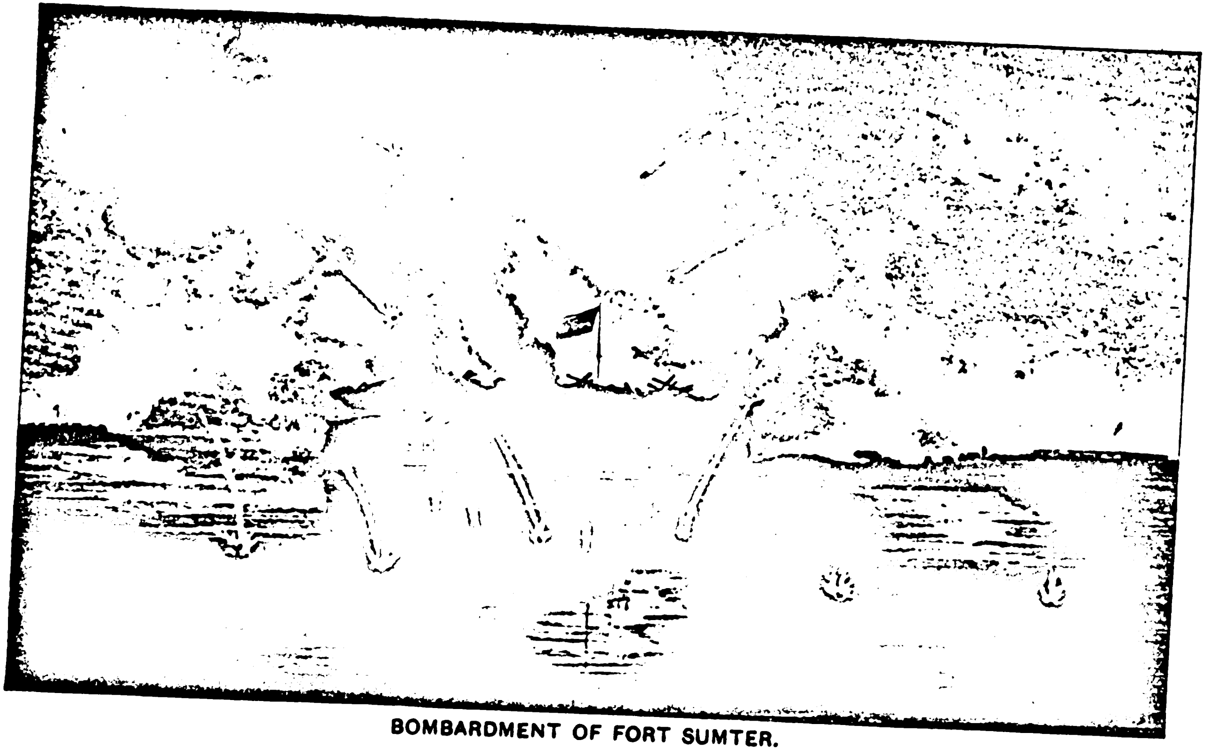

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Sisters were to labor. A neat little Catholic church was located about midway between the valley and the town.

The hospital was filled with the sick, and around the town lay thousands of men just arrived from the most remote Southern States. A cold wet spell had preceded the present heat, and many of the men were ill and lay in their tents until vacancies opened for them in the badly sheltered houses in the town. The men in one regiment had contracted measles on their march; this spreading among others with the exposure incidental to army life thinned their numbers before the ball and the sword had begun their quicker work.

On reaching their lodgings the Sisters found supper prepared, and after disposing of this they soon retired to rest. The stillness and darkness of the town was frightful. No sound but the Sisters' voices or footsteps was to be heard. Not a light gleamed from the fastened windows for fear of discovery by the hidden enemy. The whole army had been sleeping or resting on their arms since their arrival, expecting an early attack.

The medical director, who had sent for the Sisters, came early in the morning and took them to the hospital. With his assistant he escorted them from room to room, introducing them and saying to the patients: "Now you will have no cause to complain of not getting nourishment, medicine and attention at the right time, for the Sisters of Charity will see to all these thigs.

The town had been by turns in the possession of the North and South, and was therefore completely drained of provisions and necessary conveniences for the sick. Notwithstanding these difficulties things were beginning to look more comfortable, when a telegram was received from

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Winchester ordering the whole Confederate Army to repair to that town immediately. The Northern Army, it was announced, would attempt to cross the Potomac above and below Harper's Ferry, thus surrounding the Southern Army and cutting off all supplies.

The soldiers moved at once, with the exception of those who served the sick, and those who were to collect the tents and finally destroy bridges and tracks. Provisions were cast into the river by the wholesale, in order to deprive the enemy of benefit. Then came new orders to wait a while, but the invalids had already been removed to the depot, to await the return of the cars from Winchester. Arrangements were now being made for the destruction of the bridges and tracks, and the Sisters were sent to remain with a worthy Catholic family far away from these structures. During the night one explosion after another shook the grand bridge and seemed to shake the mountains. The little Catholic church, the only one that had not been applied to military purposes, was filled and surrounded by the frightened people. The worn-out pastor was their only consoler.

The Sisters looked at the awful destruction around them, and felt encompassed with desolation. All the next day they hourly expected to be called to the cars, but no word came. They now learned that the ladies of Winchester had written to the medical director requesting him not to let the Sisters of Charity serve the sick, as they themselves would wait on them. The Sisters knew that the ladies had been enthusiastic in caring for the Confederate sick and, thinking the delay was owing to the embarrassment the doctors might experience in regard to this, one Sister, acting as spokeswoman, said to them:

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"Gentlemen, we are aware of the ardor with which the Winchester ladies have labored for your poor men, as also of their desire to serve them alone—that is, without any aid of ours; therefore be candid enough to allow us to return to our home. In case you feel any difficulty respecting the ladies of Winchester the Sisters consider it reasonable that they should wish to serve their own people, and will not be offended, but rather feel grateful for your friendly candor."

The physicians replied that they did not care for the objections that had been made to the Sisters; that the ladies of Winchester could never do for the sick what the Sisters of Charity would do, and therefore unless the Sisters insisted on returning home the doctors would hold them to their undertaking.

The physicians then begged the Sisters not to leave the town, but to await the signal for departure. Expecting all day and even until 11 P. M. to be sent for, and feeling that rest was absolutely necessary, the Sisters were preparing for bed when the kind lady of the house came into their room, saying: "My dear, poor Sisters, a wagon and your baggage are at the door for you." They soon left their benevolent hostess, who wept to see them pursuing such hardships. It was a genuine farm wagon, with two negroes as drivers. The worthy pastor of Harper's Ferry, who was determined not to leave the Sisters entirely to strangers, attended to their trunks and found seats for them. The heavy spray from both rivers was thick in the air. Here and there a star appeared between broken clouds, giving barely light enough to see the sentinels at their posts. One of these, advancing, asked the countersign, which the pastor gave him. The wagon, running on the

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high terrace edge of the Potomac River, made, with the darkness, a gloomy prospect for the Sisters.

On reaching the depot an officer met them and offered to find them a shelter until the cars would arrive. He took them across two boards that formed a temporary bridge. By the aid of his lantern they could see water on either side of them, so that they had to watch carefully and pick their steps lest they slip off the boards. At last he opened the door of a little hut, which was almost washed by the river. Here they entered and sat down, resting their foreheads on their umbrellas until between 3 and 4 o'clock, when a rumbling outside announced the arrival of the cars. The train reached Winchester five hours later. Almost the entire town was occupied by soldiers, so that accommodations at hotels were not to be had for any consideration. The zealous priest, who was still with the Sisters, took them to the church, and afterwards went in search of lodgings for them.

The church, which was of stone, and was one of the poorest old buildings in the place, was located in the suburbs. A crowd of ignorant and curious men and children followed the Sisters as they walked to the edifice. As they entered the church the bystanders crowded in and about the door. When the Sisters went by turns to the confessional the village men and boys hurried outside and peeped through the cracks at the penitents, peering into their very faces. Soon the priest went out and as he did so he shut and locked the door after him. After some time he returned, although the Sisters feared that it was just possible he had lost his mind and would not come back. They knew his hardships had been excessive, be-

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cause, besides being sick and without food or sleep, he had many other inconveniences to contend with. But he returned and took them to a plain, worthy Catholic family.

The following morning being Sunday they walked to the church, and just as the gate had to halt to let a company of soldiers, on their way to Mass, enter the church. About twenty or thirty Catholics constituted the congregation usually, but on this day the soldiers and Sisters made quite a crowded assembly. After that the Sisters waited patiently for the doctors to take them to the scene of their labors. The Reverend Dr. Costello had called on them from time to time, informing the authorities that the Sisters were ready to go to work among the sick. The medical director finally asked them if they must remain in one hospital, or whether each Sister could take charge of a separate one. He was informed that their number was too small to divide and they would remain at one of the hospitals.

The heads of families in the city of Winchester remained in town, while grown-up daughters and children were sent to country seats, the mothers of these staying at their houses, receiving and serving as many sick soldiers as they could. The Sisters received much kindness from these ladies, for they knew that the common rations of the soldiers were very rough. Indeed, one of the greatest distresses of the Sisters at this time was that they had not more for the poor sick.

The Sisters began their labors in one of the largest hospitals in Winchester. They worked incessantly day and night, frequently not pausing long enough to take necessary food and nourishment for themselves. Such

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labor began to show on them, especially as they were only three in number. The doctors said that while more nurses were needed there would be no way of sending for more Sisters except by one of them going home and returning with the others. Affairs had reached such a crisis that only the Sisters of Charity could travel now. One of them finally started off for the mother house, going by car, then by stage, and then crossing the Potomac in a flat canoe. Then she went on as fast as possible, and after running for a mile reached the railroad car before it left the station.

The evening of next day she reached St. Joseph's, at Emmitsburg, where she was received as if from the grave. The anxious Superiors had heard nothing from or of the Sisters except what meagre news was published of the movements of the two armies. Sister Euphemia, afterwards Mother Superior, then left St. Joseph's with three companions for Winchester, to relieve the Sisters there. At the same time a telegram was sent to Sister Valentine at St. Louis instructing her to go immediately and replace Sister Euphemia in Winchester, who was to proceed farther southward, for in Richmond, Va., the Sisters were almost overcome with continuous duty. The Sisters, now six in number, continued their labors in Winchester until very few remained in the hospitals. The convalescent members of the army had been leaving Winchester for some days, going towards Richmond. The Sisters themselves finally proceeded towards Richmond.

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CHAPTER V.

ST. LOUIS MILITARY HOSPITAL.

The border State of Missouri the scene of some of the most dramatic events of the war. Soldiers ask the nurses if they are Free Masons. The Chaplain obtains a pardon for a prisoner of war. Archbishop Ryan and his work among the sick and wounded. The young Confederate who declined to express sorrow for his course in the war. Amusing and pathetic incidents.

In the meantime operations in the great civil conflict were beginning in the Southwest. The fact that Missouri was a border State made it the scene of some of the most dramatic events of the war. Thousands of the sick and wounded of both armies were cared for in St. Louis. It was on the 12th of August, 1861, that Major-General Fremont, commanding the Department of the West, established a military hospital in the suburbs of St. Louis.

General Fremont desired that every attention should be paid to the wounded soldiers. He visited them frequently, and perceiving that there was much neglect on the part of the attendants, applied to the Sisters of St. Philomena's School for a sufficient number of them to take charge of the hospital. He promised the Sisters, if

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they would accept, to leave everything to their management. There was no delay in acceding to this request. Rev. James Francis Burlando, the Superior of the Sisters of Charity, during a visit made to St. Philomena's School a few months previous, had forseen the probability of such an occurrence and given the Sisters directions to guide them in such a case.

The Sisters had the superintendence of everything relating to the sick in the hospital. Some of the soldier attendants at first looked with wonder on the strange dress and appearance of the new nurses, asking them if they were Free Masons. The Sisters were, however, treated with the greatest respect, so much so that not an oath or disrespectful word was heard in the hospital during the three years that they were there.

The hospital was visited every other day by the ladies of the Union Aid Society, who could not help admiring the almost profound silence observed in the wards. They could not understand the influence the Sisters exercised over the patients, both sick and convalescent, who were as submissive as children. The Archbishop of St. Louis, the late Most Rev. P. R. Kenrick, D. D., was pleased when he learned that the Sisters had been asked for at the hospital. The prelate provided a chaplain, who said Mass every morning in the oratory arranged in their apartment. After the Mass the chaplain visited every ward instructing, baptizing and reconciling sinners to God. There were hundreds of baptisms during the time the Sisters were in the hospital, the greatest number of the persons thus baptized dying in the hospital. The institution was closed at the end of the war, and the Sisters returned to their former homes.

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Father Burke was one of the priests who did a great deal of work in the hospital, and he bears testimony to the fact that the patients thought there were no persons like the Sisters. They would often say: "Indeed, it was not the doctor that cured us; it was the Sisters." When returning to their regiment they would say: "Sisters, we may never see you again, but be assured you will be very gratefully remembered. Others would say: "Sisters, I wish we could do something for you, but you do not seem to want anything; besides, it is not in the power of any poor soldier to make you anything like recompense. All that we can do for you is to fight for you, and that we will do until our last breath."

They would rather apply to the Sisters in case where they could do so than to the doctors, and as a result the Sisters had a difficult task in encouraging them to have confidence in the doctors. Every evening the Sisters were accustomed to visit a tent a few yards distant from the hospital, where the badly wounded cases were detained. One night a Sister found a poor man whose hand had been amputated from the wrist, suffering very much, the arm being terribly inflamed. He complained that the doctor had that morning ordered a hot poultice and that he had not received it. The Sister called the nurse and wound-dresser and inquired why the doctor's orders had not been attended to. They told her that there were no hops in the hospital; that the steward had gone to town that morning before they knew it, and they had no other opportunity of sending to obtain any that day. The Sisters immediately sent across the yard to a bakery and got some hops and had the poultice put on. The poor man was gratified and surprised. "The Sisters," he said, "find ways and

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means to relieve everyone, but others who make a profession of the work do not even know how to begin it."

When a new doctor came to the hospital it was from the patients that he would learn to appreciate the value of the Sisters. When the patients returned to their regiments they would say to their sick companions: "If you go to St. Louis try to get to the House of Refuge Hospital; the Sisters are there and they will soon make you well." Late one evening a Sister went to see that nothing was wanting for the sick. She found one poor man suffering intense pain in his forehead and temples. He had taken cold in camp and the inflammation went to his eyes, so that he became entirely blind. The pain in his forehead was so intense that he thought he could not live until morning. The Sister asked him to let her bind up his forehead with a wide bandage.

Oh, Sister," he said, "it is no use. The doctor has been bathing my forehead with spirits of ether and other liquids, and nothing will do me any good. I cannot live until morning; my head is splitting open. But you may do what you like."

She took a wide bandage which, unknown to him, was saturated in chloroform, bound up his head and left him. Early in the morning she went to ask him how he spent the night. He said: "Oh, Sister, I have rested well; from the moment you put your hands on my forehead I experienced no pain." He never thought of attributing the relief to the chloroform, because he did not know of it, and the Sister, feeling that in this case ignorance was bliss, did not enlighten him.

The patients had the best of feeling toward the Sisters, and when the medical doctor visited the hospital he

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would stand in the middle of the ward and tell the patients to whom they owed their comfort, the good order, cleanliness and regularity that reigned there. He told them that all these things came through the Sisters. It is a notable fact that the respect with which they were treated in the beginning never diminished, but went on increasing while the hospital lasted.

Two of the prisoners of war, as the result of a court-martial, were to be executed, but the worthy chaplain who daily attended the prison obtained the pardon of one, while the Sisters obtained that of the other. On one occasion a soldier who was accused of desertion was sentenced to be hanged, and the Sisters attended him until all was over.

There was an elderly man confined in the prison hospital who always found great pleasure in seeing to the wants of his companions. He told the Sisters it made him happy to see them get what they most desired. Toward the close of the war he obtained his release, and afterwards sent fifty dollars to the Sisters to supply the wants of the suffering sick. His son, some time later, was charged with some military offense, tried by court-martial and afterwards executed. The young man became a Catholic, and in his last moments received the consolations of the Church. His remains were given up to his family, and his father requested the clergyman who attended him before his execution to preach the funeral sermon, which the priest did in a Baptist church, where his hearers were all Baptists.

One of the priests who was untiring in his work among the soldiers in St. Louis during those heart-breaking days was Father Patrick John Ryan, now the Arch-

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bishop of the great Archdiocese of Philadelphia. Early in the war he was appointed a chaplain of the Government, but resigned his position, feeling that he could do better work among the Southern prisoners of war if he appeared among them simply as a priest. The rector of one of the Protestant Episcopal churches in St. Louis succeeded him as chaplain. Father Ryan is authority for the statement that there were probably more baptisms in this military hospital than on any of the battlefields or in any other hospital of the Civil War.

He was a witness to many pathetic and humorous incidents in the daily routine of hospital service. On one occasion he was attending a poor drummer boy who was only too surely approaching the end of his life of warfare. He spoke to him gently of the things necessary to do under such circumstances, instructed him to glance over his past life and try and feel a genuine sorrow for all of his sins and for anything he had done against his fellow-man.

The boy listened meekly for a while, but when he was told to be sorry for all his wrong-doing a new light flashed upon him. He half rose in bed and defiantly declared that if this contemplated the severing of his allegiance to the Southern Confederacy and an admission that the "Yankees" were right he would have none of it. Half-amused at this outburst, and not entirely unmoved at this flash of spirit in what the lad no doubt deemed a righteous cause, the good priest soon assured him that his mission was not of the North or the South, but of God. The young sufferer died soon after this with most edifying sentiments upon his lips.

Sister Juliana, a sister of Bishop Chatard, of Vincennes, who did good service in this and other hospitals,

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was the witness of many affecting death-bed scenes and many wonderful death-bed conversions. Fervent aspirations to heaven went up from the lips of men who had never prayed before. Soldiers from the backwoods who had known no religion and no God were in a few hours almost transformed. It is estimated that priests and Sisters baptized between five and six hundred persons at this one hospital.

Archbishop Ryan tells the following incident that came under his personal observation, and which John Francis Maguire, Member of Parliament from Cork, has incorporated in one of his works: (1)

"A Sister was passing through the streets of Boston with downcast eyes and noiseless steps when she was suddenly addressed in a language that made her pale cheeks flush. The insult came from a young man standing on a street corner. The Sister uttered no word of protest, but raising her eyes gave one swift, penetrating look at the brutal offender.

Time passed on; the war intervened. The scene changed to a ward in a military hospital in Missouri. A wounded soldier, once powerful but now as helpless as an infant, was brought in and placed under the care of the Sisters of Charity. It was soon evident that the man's hour had arrived; that he was not long for this world. The Sister urged the man to die in the friendship of God, to ask pardon for his sins, and to be sorry for whatever evil he might have done.

"I have committed many sins in my life," he said to the Sister, "and I am sorry for them all and hope to be

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(1). "The Irish in America."

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forgiven; but there is one thing that weighs heavy on my mind at this moment. I once insulted a Sister of Charity in the streets of Boston. Her glance of reproach has haunted me ever since. I knew nothing of the Sisters then. But now I know how good and disinterested you are and how mean I was. Oh! if that Sister were only here, weak and dying as I am, I would go down upon my knees and ask her pardon."

The Sister turned to him with a look of tenderness and compassion, saying: "If that is all you desire to set your mind at ease, you can have it. I am the Sister you insulted and I grant you pardon freely and from my heart."

"What! Are you the Sister I met in Boston? Oh, yes! you are—I know you now. And how could you have attended on me with greater care than on any of the other patients?—me who insulted you so."

"It is our Lord's way," replied the Sister gently. "I did it for His sake, because He loved His enemies and blessed those who persecuted Him. I knew you from the moment you entered the hospital. I recognized you from the scar over your forehead, and I have prayed for you unceasingly."

"Send for the priest!" exclaimed the dying soldier, "the religion that teaches such charity must be from God."

And he died in the Sister's faith, holding in his failing grasp the emblem of man's redemption, and murmuring prayers taught him by her whose glance of mild rebuke had long filled him with remorse through every scene of revelry or of peril."

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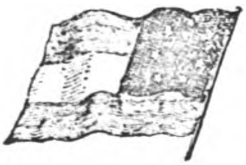
CHAPTER VI.

IN AND AROUND WASHINGTON.

Dilapidated frame buildings serve as hospitals at the National Capital. A convalescent patient who was "tired and vexed." A whole day spent in going from store to store in a vain attempt to purchase "one of those white bonnets" for a Sister. The soldier whose life was saved by being "shot in the U. S. A."

When the fratricidal conflict between the sections began very few persons paused to consider its extent and consequence. But as each week passed it grew in intensity and volume. In the beginning of the year 1862 at least 450,000 Union troops were in the field, and half of that number were under the command of General McClellan in and around Washington. Upon the breaking out of hostilities old Virginia had at once become the principal arena of the contending armies of the East. The Confederate capital being at Richmond and the Union seat of Government at Washington, D. C., only a short stretch of country south of the Potomac River separated the armies.



A disastrous defeat at Bull Run on the 21st of July, 1861, caused the Union Army to retreat to Washington. There were various minor engagements both before and

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after this date, but nothing of unusual consequence occurred until February, 1862, when General U. S. Grant, commanding the land forces, and Commodore Foote the gunboats, captured Fort Henry on the Tennessee, and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland River in Kentucky. It was on this occasion, when the commander of Fort Donelson asked for terms, that Grant gave the now historic reply: "No terms except immediate and unconditional surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works."

Some time before this the Confederate and Union forces realized that they were insufficiently provided with trained nurses. In the early part of 1862 the Government made a formal request upon the Sisterhoods for nurses. The Sisters of Charity were requested to send a deputation to attend the sick and wounded in the temporary hospitals at Washington. These hospitals consisted of a number of rather dilapidated frame buildings and various tents which had been improvised into structures for hospital purposes.

The Sisters were promptly assigned from the mother house at Emmittsburg, Md. When they arrived at the National Capital they found the buildings and tents crowded with patients. The majority of these had been brought in from battlefields in the vicinity of Washington. The Sisters endeavored to look after the temporal needs of the men, in many instances acting in the dual capacity of doctor and nurse. There were many incidents, some of them of a humorous, most of them of a decidedly serious character.

While the nurses were rushing from one cot to an-

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other a poor man who was in a dying state cried out at the top of his voice, "I want a clergyman."

One of the Sisters hastened to him and asked: "What clergyman do you want?"

He replied: "A white bonnet clergyman; the one you ladies have."

"But you are not a Catholic?" said the Sister.

"I know that, but I want to see a Catholic priest."

After a slight delay a clergyman reached his bedside. The poor patient reached his skeleton-like hand to the priest and began as follows: "In the Bible we read 'as the Father hath sent Me, I also send you, and whose sins you shall forgive are forgiven.' Now tell me has that order ever been countermanded in any part of the Bible?"

The priest replied with a smile: "No, my son; it is the same now as it ever was and ever shall be."

"Well," said the sick man, "I have never disobeyed an order when one who gave that order had authority to command. Therefore being a good soldier I wish to fulfill that order in every respect."

As he was not in immediate danger and a man of considerable intelligence the priest told him he would come and see him again. The soldier asked for a catechism or any book that would instruct him in the white bonnet religion. Later he made a confession of his whole life and was baptized on the following Sunday morning in the chapel in the presence of the entire congregation. He said he did not wish to be baptized behind closed doors, but wished all to know that he was a Catholic. While he remained in the hospital he would go from one patient to another reading and explaining what had been explained to him. Several of the soldiers argued with

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him upon the subject of religion, but with the Bible in one hand and the little catechism in the other he would put them all to silence.

One dreary night a score of ambulances drove up to the hospital grounds with sixty-four wounded men. Of this number fifty-six had been shot in such a manner as to necessitate amputation of either a leg or an arm. Indeed, a few of the unfortunates were deprived of both legs.

Some died in the short while it took to remove them from the ambulance to the ward. The Sisters went from bed to bed doing all they could to minimize the sufferings of the soldiers. Two of the patients were very disrespectful to one of the Sisters, showing anger and telling them to begone. The nurse in charge quietly walked away. After a little while another Sister went to them and asked if they wished her to write to anyone for them. They did, and she wrote as they dictated, then read it to them and left. By this time they began to reflect on the kindness that had been show them and soon appreciated the fact that the Sisters were indeed their friends.

Of the sixty-four wounded men eight died the next day. There were thirty bodies in the dead house, although it was the custom to bury two a day. For a while the patients suffered from smallpox, which added very much to the labors of the Sisters, since such patients had to be separated and quarantined from the others. Several died from the disease. One of the Sisters who waited upon them took it, but recovered. Many of the patients who seemed to dislike and fear the Sisters found they had been mistaken in the opinions they had formed of them. They often showed their confidence by wanting to place their money in the custody of the Sisters.

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One day a poor fellow obtained a pass and spent the entire day in the city and returned at twilight looking sad and fatigued. A Sister of his ward asked him if he was suffering, and he replied: "No, Sister; but I am tired and vexed. I received my pass early to-day and walked through every street in Washington trying to buy one of those white bonnets for you and did not find a single one for sale."

There are amusing stories of life in the hospitals, and on the field, and the following one is vouched for by Mather M. Alphonse Butler:

"Every Union soldier wore a belt with the initials 'U. S. A.'—United States Army. When a wounded man was brought to the hospital notice was given to the Sister and she would at once prepare to dress the wound. One day a man was brought in on a litter, pale and unconscious, and the Sister rushed to give him attention. By degrees he became conscious, and the Sister asked him where he was wounded. He seemed bewildered at first, but gradually his mind returned. Again the Sister asked him where he was wounded. A smile spread over his face.

"It is all right, Sister," he said; "don't disturb yourself."

"Oh, no," she said, "they tell me you were shot."

"Yes," he answered, "I was shot, but shot in the U. S. A."

The Sister understood at once the bullet had struck the initials on his belt, and they had saved his life.

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CHAPTER VII.

SISTER ANTHONY AT SHILOH.

Terrible loss of life at the battle of Pittsburg Landing or Shiloh. Sister Anthony wins enduring laurels. Seven hundred wounded soldiers crowded on one boat. The deck of the vessel resembles a slaughter house. A Sister of Charity acts as assistant surgeon. Sisters refuse to abandon their patients. Sketch of the life of Sister Anthony.

The battle of Shiloh, Tenn., sometimes known as the battle of Pittsburg Landing, was one of the great combats of the war. Shiloh cost the Union army in killed, wounded and prisoners 14,000 men, while the Confederates lost 10,700 men, including General Albert Sidney Johnston, who fell in the first day's fight. The battles were fought on the 6th and 7th of April, 1862. The morning of the 6th was clear and beautiful, with no indications of a storm; but the day's terrific battle was followed by a night of drenching rain. The battle of the next day was also succeeded by a fearful storm, which in this case consisted of rain, hail and sleet. An eye-witness writing of this says: "And to add to the horrors of the scene, the elements of Heaven marshaled their forces—a fitting ac-

SISTER ANTHONY.

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companiment to the tempest of human devastation and passion that was raging. A cold, drizzling rain commenced about nightfall and soon came harder and faster, then turned to pitiless, blinding hail. This storm raged with unrelenting violence for three hours. I passed long wagon trains filled with wounded and dying soldiers without even a blanket to shield them from the driving sleet and hail which fell in stones as large as partridge eggs until it lay on the ground two inches deep." (1).

It was by the work that she did at and after this battle that Sister Anthony, a notable member of the Sisters of Charity, won enduring laurels. She left Cincinnati for Shiloh, accompanied by two other Sisters of Charity, Dr. Blackman, of Cincinnati; Mrs. Hatch and daughter, Miss McHugh, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and some charitable ladies of the Queen City. This trip was made on Captain Ross' boat, under the care of Dr. Blackman. Sister Anthony, whose mind is unimpaired and whose memory is excellent, thus tells of her experience at Shiloh:

"At Shiloh we ministered to the men on board what were popularly known as the floating hospitals. We were often obliged to move farther up the river, being unable to bear the terrific stench from the bodies of the dead on the battlefield. This was bad enough, but what we endured on the field of battle while gathering up the wounded is simply beyond description. At one time there were 700 of the poor soldiers crowded in one boat. Many were sent to our hospital in Cincinnati. Others were so far restored to health as to return to the scene of war. Many died good, holy deaths. Although everything seemed dark

(1). From "War and Weather," by Edward Powers (c. e.), Delavan, Wisconsin, 1890.

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and gloomy, some amusing incidents occurred. Some days after the battle of Shiloh the young surgeons went off on a kind of lark, and Dr. Blackman took me as assistant in surgical operations, and I must acknowledge I was much pleased to be able to assist in alleviating the sufferings of these noble men.

"The soldiers were remarkably kind to one another. They went around the battlefield giving what assistance they could, placing the wounded in comfortable places, administering cordials, etc., until such time as the nurses could attend to the wounded and sick. I remember one poor soldier whose nose had been shot off, who had almost bled to death and would have been missed had we not discovered him in a pen, where some kind comrade had placed him before he left the field, every other place of refuge being occupied. His removal from the pen caused great pain, loss of blood, etc. The blood ran down his shirt and coat sleeves, down his pantaloons and into his very boots. He was very patient in the boat up the river. On arriving in Cincinnati he was placed in a ward in our hospital. Shortly after his arrival in the city a gentleman came to Cincinnati and called at the Burnett House, which was then used as a military hospital, inquiring for his son. After searching everywhere else he called at St. John's Hospital. I met this sorrowing father just as I was leaving the hospital to attend to some business. From the description he gave I concluded that the boy without the nose must be his son. I took him to the ward. When we reached the bed where the man lay the father did not know him.

"'Well,' said he, 'if he is my child I shall know him

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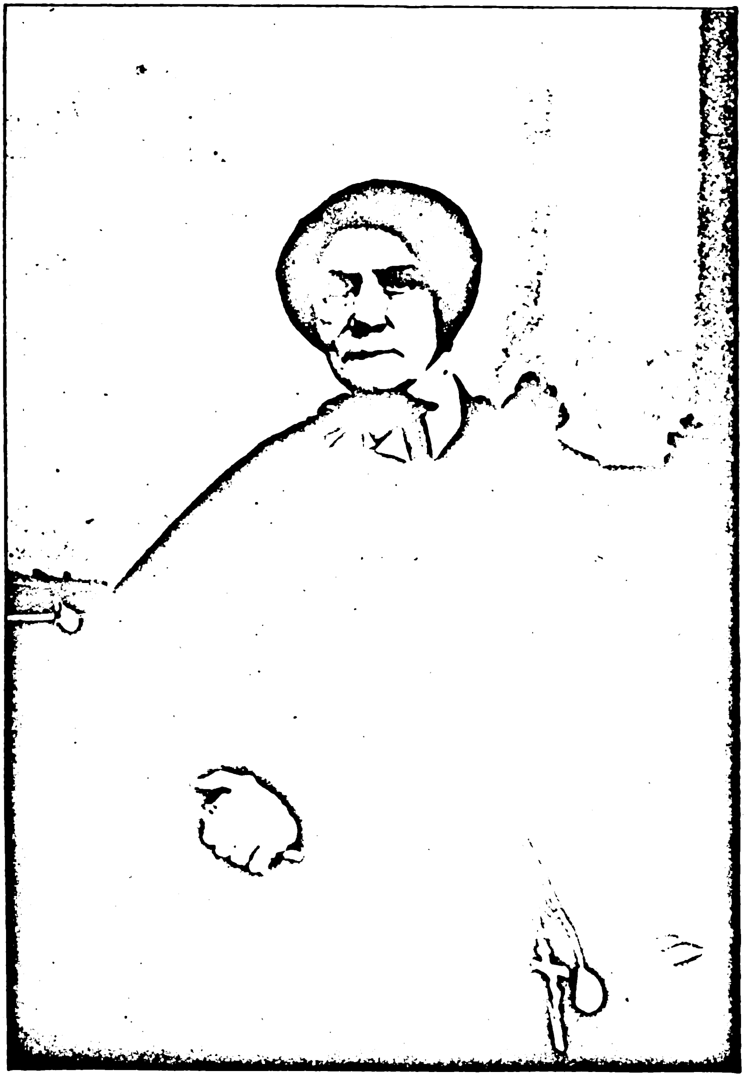

SISTER ANTHONY.

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by his head.' Running his fingers through the boy's hair he exclaimed: 'My son! my dear boy!'

"There was one young man under the care of Sister De Sales. This Sister spoke to him of heaven, of God and of his soul. Of God he knew nothing, of heaven he never heard, and he was absolutely ignorant of a Supreme Being. He became much interested in what the Sister said and was anxious to know something more of this good God of whom the Sister spoke. This good Sister of Charity instructed him, and, no priest being near, she baptized him and soon his soul took its flight to that God whom he so late learned to know and love.

"Were I to enumerate all the good done, conversions made, souls saved, columns would not suffice. Often have I gazed at Sister De Sales, as she bent over the cots of those poor boys, ministering to their every want, in the stillness of the night. Ah! here is one to whom she gives a cool drink, here another whose amputated and aching limbs need attention, there an old man dying, into whose ears she whispers the request to repeat those beautiful words: 'Lord, have mercy on my soul!' I asked myself: 'Do angels marvel at this work?'

"Day often dawned on us only to renew the work of the preceding day, without a moment's rest. Often the decks of the vessels resembled a slaughter house, filled as they were with the dead and dying."

The following is what an eye-witness says of Sister Anthony: "Amid this sea of blood she performed the most revolting duties for those poor soldiers. Let us follow her as she gropes her way among the wounded, dead and dying. She seemed to me like a ministering angel, and many a young soldier owes his life to her care and charity. Let us gaze at her again as she stands attentive kindness and

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assists Dr. Blackman while the surgeon is amputating limbs and consigning them to a watery grave, or as she picks her steps in the blood of these brave boys, administering cordial or dressing wounds."

A Sister relates a sad story of a young man who was shot in the neck. The wound was very deep From the effect of this and the scorching rays of the sun he suffered a burning thirst. He was too weak to move, when suddenly the rain fell down in torrents. Holding out his weak hands, he caught a few drops, which sustained life until he was found among the dead and dying on the battlefield. Cordials were given which relieved him. His looks of gratitude were reward enough. Many other soldiers who were thought to be dying eventually recovered.

After the Sisters had finished their work at Shiloh they followed the army to Corinth, where the Confederates had retreated. The river was blocked by obstacles in the stream and progress by boat was necessarily slow. Finally the impediments became so thick that the boat was stopped altogether. The vessel was crowded and the situation was a critical one. The captain finally said that it was a matter of life and death and that the Sisters would have to flee for their lives. To do this it would have been necessary to abandon their patients, who were enduring the greatest misery on the boat. This the Sisters heroically refused to do. All expressed their willingness to remain with the "wounded boys" until the end and to share their fate, whatever it might be. Such heroism melted the hearts of hardened men. The Sisters fell on their knees and called on the "Star of the Sea" to intercede for them, that the bark might be guarded from all harm. And their prayer was an-

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swered. Two brave pilots came, who steered the boat to their destination and to a place of safety.

After the war Dr. Blackman became an active member of the medical staff of the Good Samaritan Hospital in Cincinnati and ever proved a sincere friend of Sister Anthony. The Sisters unite in praising the services of Mrs. Hatch and her daughter. Miss Hatch was a most estimable lady, who bestowed upon the soldiers the greatest of charity and kindness. Many of them called her "Sister Jennie," a rare compliment for one who was not a religious.

The groans of the soldiers on the battlefield of Shiloh still linger in the memories of many of the Sisters. Sister Anthony and her colleagues frequently picked their way through the files of the dead and wounded, and on many occasions assisted in carrying the sufferers to the boats These floating hospitals were unique in many ways, but they will ever remain memorable as the scenes of the Sisters' greatest triumphs, where they did so much for the cause of humanity and where so many unwarranted prejudices were removed from the minds of brave men.

Among the surviving Sisters none is regarded with more affection and reverence than this same Sister Anthony, who is now living in quiet retirement in Cincinnati, surrounded with all the loving attentions and comforts that should go with honorable old age. (1). Her work for humanity has been spread over a long series of years, and the heroic labors she performed during the war form but an episode in a busy and useful career. But it was a brilliant episode, one that deserves to be handed down to history and that brought fadeless laurels to a modest and unpretending woman. Sister Anthony was born near Tip-

(1.) September, 1897.

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perary, Ireland, of pious Catholic parents. She came with them to this country at an early age, and, in pursuance of a long-cherished idea, renounced the world and was vested with the familiar habit of the Sisters of Charity. Her novitiate and earlier years in the order were spent at Emmittsburg, Md. Finally she was placed in charge of a community at Cincinnati. According to good people in that city who have carefully watched her career, she displayed unusual devotion, business talent and self-sacrifice. Through her exertions an orphan asylum was founded at Cumminsville, where large numbers of friendless and homeless children were cared for and reared to a sense of their responsibility to God and man.

When the civil war broke out Governor David Tod issued a call for volunteer nurses. Alive to the necessities of the occasion, Sister Anthony relinquished the care of her asylum to other hands and, taking a band of Sisters with her, offered their services. Their work was in the South, most of it being in and around Nashville, Shiloh, Richmond, Ky.; New Creek and Cumberland. Colonel John S. Billings, M. D., now of the Surgeon General's office at Washington, is one of the physicians having personal knowledge of Sister Anthony, and he speaks of her in the very highest terms. "I first knew Sister Anthony," he said to the writer, "in 1859, when she was in charge of the old St. John's Hospital, on Fourth street, Cincinnati, in which I was resident physician, and I have known her ever since. I can say very cordially that she was a competent hospital manager and that I have always had the greatest respect and affection for her." (1).

(1). Dr. John Shaw Billings was born in Switzerland County, Ind., April 12, 1839. He received his degree in medicine in 1860, and the following year was appointed demonstrator of anatomy in

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Sister Anthony and her brave assistants spent many months in Nashville. The care and attention that was bestowed upon the sick and wounded soldiers of both the Union and Confederate armies did much to dispel the thoughtless prejudices that had previously existed against the Sisters. They went about like good angels, easing many a troubled spirit and showering love upon all with whom they came in contact. Sister Anthony stood out in bold relief from all the others, and one who has knowledge of those times says: "Happy was the soldier who, wounded and bleeding, had her near him to whisper words of consolation and courage. Her person was reverenced by Blue and Gray, Protestant and Catholic alike, and the love for her became so strong that the title of the 'Florence Nightingale' of America was conferred upon her, and soon her name became a household word in every section of the North and South." Many of the Sisters with whom she worked fell upon the field of honor, but Sister Anthony lived and survived to enjoy a peaceful old age and the sweet thought and consolation of work well done.

The ending of the war, however, did not end her work. After the white wings of peace had been spread over the battlefields she returned to Cincinnati and made an effort to found an asylum that should be larger and greater than old St. John's, where she had labored before the war. For a time it looked as if this noble inten-

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the Medical College of Ohio. The same year he was appointed an assistant surgeon in the United States army, in which position he continued until placed in charge of the hospital at Washington, in 1863. He was later appointed medical inspector of the Army of the Potomac. In 1894 he was appointed surgeon general, and placed in charge of the division of vital statistics. In addition to this he has been medical advisor to trustees of the Johns Hopkins University.

tion was to be frustrated. Funds were not available and the usually charitable people of the city seemed to be indifferent. They only seemed, however, for just when the effort was about to be given up in despair, John C. Butler and Lewis Worthington, two of the wealthy men of the city, came forward with sufficient money to build and equip a magnificent institution. The result of this was the establishment of the Good Samaritan Hospital. Sister Anthony was placed in charge and the work she did there equaled, if it did not exceed, her war experiences. Already a model nurse, she became a model hospital manager. In the hospital she increased her great knowledge and made a science of nursing the sick. She remained in executive control of the institution until 1882, when devoted friends finally prevailed upon her to relinquish her task and live in peace and quiet the remainder of her life. She has had several successors, the one now in charge being Sister Sebastian.

As a direct result of the good done in the Good Samaritan Hospital came the establishment of an orphan asylum at Norwood through the munificence of Joseph Butler, Sr. It is at this institution that Sister Anthony is spending the last years of her life. Her time is spent between the asylum at Norwood and the Good Samaritan Hospital, in Cincinnati. Although very venerable, indeed, she retains all her faculties to a surprising degree. She walks about unaided and takes great delight in doing little tasks about the hospital. On the last feast of the Assumption she celebrated her seventy-ninth birthday. On that occasion the event was noted in many of the churches in Cincinnati and a prayer for her went up in many parts of the country.

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CHAPTER VIII.

PORTSMOUTH AND NORFOLK.

The contest between the Monitor and the Merrimac, and general operations of the war during the seven days' battle near Richmond. The taking of the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth by the Union forces. Sisters narrowly escape drowning while crossing the river in a row boat. One instance where hatred was turned to love.

In the East the Union cause had not been so successful. When the Union forces at the beginning of the war abandoned Norfolk, with its navy yard, they blew up all the Government vessels to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Confederates. One frigate, which had been sunk, was raised by the Confederates and transformed into an iron-clad ram, making her one of the most formidable vessels then afloat, though now she

would be considered ridiculous. This vessel, rechristened the Merrimac, aided by three gun boats, destroyed the United States frigate Cumberland, forced the surrender of the Congress and scattered the remainder of the Union fleet in Hampton Roads. That night, amid the consterna-

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tion which prevailed, the new Union gun boat, called the Monitor, designed by John Ericsson, arrived in Hampton Roads and prepared to resist the Merrimac the next day. The Monitor was a turreted ironclad. The following morning, after a severe battle, the Monitor drove the Merrimac back to Gosport Navy Yard, where she was later blown up. This was one of the turning points of the war.

In the meantime General McClellan made his advance on Richmond, going by sea to Yorktown and advancing thence on Richmond. For seven days there was tremendous fighting near Richmond, the Confederates usually getting the best of it. Finally McClellan retreated to Harrison's Landing to make a new effort. He was greatly disappointed in not getting reinforcements, and finally was ordered back with his army to Washington.

During the contest known as the "seven days' battles" the fighting commenced about 2 o'clock A. M., and continued until 10 P. M. each day. The bombs were bursting and reddening the heavens, while General McClellan's Reserve Corps ranged about three hundred yards from the door of the Sisters' house. While the battle lasted the Sisters in the city hospitals were shaken by the cannonading and the heavy rolling of the ambulances in the streets as they brought in the wounded and dying men. The soldiers informed the Sisters that they had received orders from their general "to capture Sisters of Charity, if they could," as the hospitals were in great need of them.

One night the doctors called on the Sisters to see a man whose limb must be amputated, but who would not consent to take the lulling dose without having the Sisters of Charity say he could do so. The Sisters said it was

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dark and the crowd was too great to think of going. The doctors left, but soon returned, declaring that the man's life depended on their coming. Two Sisters then, escorted by the doctors, went to see the patient, who said to them: "Sisters, they wish me to take a dose that will deprive me of my senses, and I wish to make my confession first, and a priest is not here." They put his fears at rest, and he went through the operation successfully. Sometimes the poor men were brought to them from encampments where rations were very scarce or from hospitals from which the able-bodied men had retreated and left perhaps thousands of wounded prisoners of war, who, in their distress, had fed on mule flesh and rats. These poor men, on arriving at the hospitals, looked more dead than alive.

Norfolk, being left undefended about this time, was soon occupied by General Wool, who swooped down upon it with a force from Fortress Monroe. The bombardment of the cities of Portsmouth and Norfolk gave notice to the Sisters of Charity that their services would soon be needed in that locality. They had a hospital, an asylum and a day school in Norfolk. The tolling of the bells on that May morning first announced the destruction of the city. Soon Portsmouth was in flames. Large magazines and powder exploding shook the two cities in a terrible manner. The hospital where the Sisters were in charge was crowded with the sick and wounded. They were cared for as well as possible with the limited means at hand. In a short time, however, Norfolk was evacuated, and both that city and Portsmouth taken by the Union troops. All of the Southern soldiers that could leave before the coming of the Northerners left, and the hospital was comparatively empty. The Union soldiers crowded into the city and

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great confusion ensued. The Marine Hospital in Portsmouth was prepared for the sick and wounded, and the Union authorities asked the Sisters to wait upon their men. These troops were in a deplorable condition. There was no time to be lost and the Sisters lost none. They were constantly administering by turns to soul and body. Indeed, as far as possible, the self-sacrificing Sisters subtracted from their own food and rest in order that the suffering men might have more of both.

In a few days several more Sisters came to aid those who were in charge. The newcomers met with many vexatious trials on the way. First they were denied transportation, and next barely escaped being lost in crossing a river in a small rowboat, the frail craft, through the carelessness of some one in charge, being heavily overloaded. They eventually reached their destination, however, and were enabled to effect much good among the men. Many affecting scenes took place in the wards. The Sisters were applying cold applications to the fevered men. One soldier, bursting out in tears, exclaimed:

"Oh, if my poor mother could only see you taking care of me she would take you to her heart."

A man of about 23 years saw a Sister in the distance and raised his voice and cried:

"Sister, come over to my bed for awhile."

He was in a dying state, and the Sister knelt by his bedside making suitable preparations for him in a low voice. He repeated the prayers she recited in a very loud tone. The Sister said:

"I will go away if you pray so loud."

"Ah, Sister," he said, "I want God to know that I am in earnest."

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The Sister showed him her crucifix, saying: "Do you know what this means?"

He took it and kissed it, reverently bowing his head. While another man was receiving instructions he suddenly cried out at the top of his voice: "Come over and hear what Sister is telling me." She looked up and saw a wall of human beings surrounding her, attracted by the loud prayers of the poor man. In this crowd and on his knees was one of the doctors, who, being on his rounds among the patients and seeing the Sister on her knees, involuntarily knelt, and remained so until the Sister arose. The patient soon after died a most edifying death, receiving the last rites of the Church.

Another poor fellow seemed to have a deep-seated prejudice against the Sisters. He constantly refused to take his medicine, and would even go so far as to strike at the Sisters when they offered it to him. After keeping this up for some time and finding the Sisters undisturbed and gentle as ever, he said, "What are you?"

The Sister replied: "I am a Sister of Charity."

"Where is your husband?"

"I have none," replied the Sister, "and I am glad I have not."

"Why are you glad?" he asked, getting very angry.

"Because," she replied, "if I had I would have been employed in his affairs, consequently could not be here waiting on you."

As if by magic he said in a subdued tone: "That will do," and turned his face from her. The Sister left him, but presently returned and offered him his medicine, which he took without a murmur. When he recovered from his long illness he became one of the warmest friends of the Sisters.

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As the war continued the Government also made use of the Sisters' Hospital of St. Francis de Sales. Here all things were under the direct charge of the Sisters, the Government, in this particular instance, paying them a stated sum for their services. During the time their house was thus occupied about twenty-five hundred wounded soldiers were admitted, of whom but one hundred died.

The Sisters had been at Portsmouth about six months when the hospital was closed. Several of the Sisters were sent to other points, while the remainder started for Emmittsburg. The cars took them to Manassas, in the midst of an extensive encampment, where they were told they could not pass the Potomac, as the enemy was firing on all who appeared.

The army chaplain celebrated Mass at this point, an old trunk in a little hut serving as an altar. The Sisters were obliged to go to Richmond, and it was two weeks before a flag of truce could take them into Maryland. They met the Judge Advocate of the army on the boat and he showed them every attention, saying: "Your society has done the country great service, and the authorities in Washington hold your community in great esteem."

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CHAPTER IX.

LABORS IN FREDERICK CITY.

The Sisters quartered in a stone barracks that had been occupied by General Washington during the Revolutionary war. Patients see no necessity for "tincture of iron" from the doctors. Soldiers without food for thirteen days. Young scholastics from the Jesuit Novitiate in the capacity of nurses. Not enemies "except upon the battlefield."

On the 4th of June, 1862, a telegram was received at the Central House, in Emmittsburg, asking that ten Sisters be detailed for hospital service in Frederick City, Md. The request came from the medical authorities in charge of the hospital, and it explained the immediate and imperative need of the Sisters. There were only three Sisters at liberty in the main house at the time, but the zeal of the Superiors managed to secure seven others from the various Catholic schools and academies in the city of Baltimore.

The ten nurses started upon their journey without any unnecessary delay and soon reached Frederick City. When they arrived at the hospital they were received by an orderly, who showed them to their room. It was in an

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old stone barracks, that had been occupied by General George Washington during the Revolutionary War. The room contained ten beds, so closely jammed together that there was scarcely space to walk about them. An old rickety table and two or three dilapidated chairs comprised the only furniture of the room. The chief surgeon called to welcome the Sisters and expressed the hope that they would be comfortable in their military quarters. He informed them that they were to call upon the steward for whatever they needed. The medicine was plentiful, but badly administered by the nurses, who did not attach much importance to the time or manner of giving it.

The Sisters' food consisted of the soldiers' ration. It was served to them on broken dishes, with old knives and forks, red with rust. The patients often amused their nurses by saying:

"There is no necessity for the doctors to order us the tincture of iron three times a day; don't you think we get nearly enough of it off our table service?"

On the Fourth of July an addition to the sick from the field of battle arrived at the hospital. The newcomers numbered about four hundred, and the majority were suffering from typhoid fever and dysentery. They came unexpectedly and no preparations had been made to receive them, so that many of the men had to lie in the open yard of the hospital for nearly a whole day exposed to the scorching heat of the sun. The Sisters were thus doomed to witness a most distressing scene without having it in their power to alleviate the suffering. Finally the Sister servant, who could no longer behold such a spectacle, managed to procure some wine, which, with the aid of water, she multiplied prodigiously, thereby giving all a refresh-

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ing drink. This drew from the lips of the poor sufferers many a blessing and prayer for the Sisters of Charity.

There were continual skirmishes in the Shenandoah Valley, from whence large numbers of wounded were frequently brought to the hospital, so that in a short time it was overcrowded and the chief surgeon was obliged to occupy two or three public buildings in the city as hospitals. At the request of the doctors eight additional Sisters were sent from the Mother House at Emmittsburg, and they were divided among the various hospitals that were occupied as temporary wards until accommodations could be made at the general hospital to receive the worst cases. The sick and slightly wounded men were transferred to Baltimore.

A young man, a Philadelphian, was brought in one day fearfully crushed, one hand and arm mangled to a jelly. Opening his eyes he beheld a Sister of Charity standing near him; a look of light succeeded the heavy expression of weary pain and he exclaimed: "Oh, I wish I were as good as the Sisters of Charity, then I would be ready to die." He begged for baptism. There was no time to lose. The Sisters hastened to instruct him in what was necessary for him to believe and then baptized him, after which he calmly expired.

One of the difficulties with which the Sisters had to contend was the improper manner in which the food was prepared. One day the chief surgeon asked for a Sister to superintend the kitchen, and one who was qualified for the charge was sent for that purpose. Her silence and gentleness soon quelled the turbulent spirits of the soldiers employed in her office, so that in a short time they became as docile as children. On the first day an improvement was noticed in the hospital. The steward said that

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for the short time the Sisters had been there their presence in the barracks had made a wonderful change. He said that the men were more respectful and were seldom heard to swear or use profane language. A Sister was unexpectedly accosted one day by a convalescent patient, whom, she often noticed, viewed her with a surly countenance and would reluctantly take from her whatever she offered him. He said:

"Sister, you must have noticed how ugly I have acted towards you and how unwillingly I have taken anything from you, but I could not help it, as my feelings were so embittered against you that your presence always made me worse. I have watched you closely at all times since you came to the barracks, but when you came in at midnight last night to see the patient who lay dangerously ill I could not but notice your self-sacrificing devotion. It was then that my feelings became changed towards you. I reflected upon the motives which seemed to actuate the Sisters of Charity and I could not help admiring them. I thank you, Sister, for all the kindness you have shown me. I am happy to say that the Sisters of Charity have left impressions on my mind that will not be easily effaced."

On the 19th of July, 1862, the feast of St. Vincent de Paul, the Sisters received quite a treat in the shape of an excellent dinner, sent by the director of the Jesuit Novitiate and the Superioress of the Visitation Convent, in Washington. Several ladies also visited them and sent refreshments for the day.

There were many Germans in the barracks, and the band of Sisters who were there only spoke the English language. The Superior, however, sent a German Sister who could speak to these men and interpret for the other

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FIRST BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

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Sisters. At their request one of the clergymen from the Novitiate, who spoke the German language, heard the confessions of the German Catholics.

On the evening of September 5, 1862, the Sisters were suddenly alarmed by an unusual beating of the drums. They had all retired to bed except the Sister servant, who called to them to rise quickly and go to the barracks; that the Confederate army was in Maryland and would reach the camp in the morning. They were informed that all the patients who were able to walk, including the male attendants and men employed about the hospital, would have to leave the place in about an hour, and that all the United States army stores in the city must be consigned to the flames. Imagine their feelings at such news. The hour passed like a flash. The soldiers all disappeared except a few of the badly wounded, who could not be removed. The signal was given and in a few moments the entire city was enveloped in smoke and flames. The conflagration was so great that it illuminated all the surrounding towns. The Sisters spent the remaining part of the night with the sick who were left alone in the wards. The doctors who remained at their posts carried their instruments and other articles to the Sister servant for safe-keeping, knowing that whatever the Sisters had in their possession was secure.

The next day dawned bright and beautiful, but what a scene of desolation and ruin was presented to the view! There was no one on the hospital grounds but the steward and doctors, about four in number, and the Sisters, who were going to and from the barracks attending the helpless soldiers. It was then that these poor, helpless men exclaimed in astonishment and gratitude:

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"Oh, Sisters, did you stay to care care of us? We thought you also would have gone, and then what would have become of us?"

About 9 o'clock in the morning the Confederates were discovered on the top of a hill advancing rapidly towards the hospital. Suddenly the advance guards appeared in front of the Sisters' windows, which were under the doctor's office. One of the Confederates demanded without delay the surrender of the place to the Confederate army, in command of Generals Jackson and Lee. The officer of the day replied, "I surrender." The guards rode off and in about fifteen minutes afterwards the whole Confederate army entered the hospital grounds. It was then that the Sisters witnessed a mass of human misery—young and old men, with boys who seemed like mere children, emaciated with hunger and covered with tattered rags that gave them more the appearance of dead men than of living ones. After these skeleton-like forms had been placed in their respective barracks and tents the sick were brought in, numbering over 400. The majority of these were, however, half-dead from want of food and drink. They informed the Sisters that they had been without anything to eat for thirteen days, with the exception of some green corn, which they were allowed to pluck on their march into Maryland. The Sisters were delighted to find a field in which to exercise their charity and zeal on behalf of the suffering men. But, alas! a new trial awaited them. The United States surgeon called upon the Sister servant and told her that the Sisters could not at that time give any assistance to the Confederates, as they, the Sisters, were employed by the Union Government to take care of their sick and wounded, but he added that the Union army was

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daily expected, and as soon as it would reach the city the Confederate sick would receive the same care and attention as the Union soldiers.

The citizens were now at liberty to do as they pleased. They flocked in crowds to the hospital, distributing food and clothing at their own discretion. This proved fatal in many cases, as the diet furnished the sick men was contrary to what their condition required. The young scholastics of the Jesuit Novitiate near-by volunteered to nurse the sick soldiers, and their services were accepted by the United States surgeon, who arranged accommodations for them at the barracks. The Sisters were also allowed to give the scholastics meals in their refectory. It was truly edifying to see the zeal of those school boys. Father Sourin, the confessor of the Sisters, was likewise indefatigable in his labors. He deeply regretted the restrictions the Sisters were under, at the same time admiring the wonderful ways of God in permitting the young scholastics to gain admittance into the hospital, to fill the mission of charity of which the Sisters were so unexpectedly deprived.

On the fifth day of the invasion the Sister servant obtained a passport from General Lee for two Sisters to Emmittsburg. They were thus enabled to apprise the Superiors of their situation. These same Sisters returned to Frederick on September 12, accompanied by the Sister assistant from Emmittsburg. On re-entering the city their astonishment was great when they found that the whole Southern army had disappeared. When they reached the barracks the other Sisters informed them that the Confederates had left the city the previous night, leaving only their sick who were unable to be removed.

Frederick City was again in possession of the Union

forces and the good nurses were now at liberty to exercise their duties in behalf of the sick Confederates who were prisoners at the hospital. The doctors made no distinction between them and the Union soldiers. They lay side by side, so that the Sisters had it in their power to give them equal attention. It was truly edifying to see the patience and harmony that prevailed among them. They would say: "Sisters, we are not enemies except on the battle-field."

General McClellan was at this time in command of the Union army. On one occasion he visited the barracks and was delighted with the order that reigned throughout. Before leaving he expressed a desire to have fifty additional Sisters sent to nurse the sick and wounded, but the scarcity of Sisters made it impossible to comply with his request.

A reinforcement of Sisters was now required to go to the various places occupied by the wounded. The Superiors could only send a few on account of the great demand for them throughout the different parts of the State. In Frederick City the Sisters had to divide their services between the barracks and the tents, and even then it was impossible to do justice to all. They were thus occupied for nearly six weeks without intermission except a few hours, which they would occasionally take for repose, and even that was frequently interrupted. They thought little of fatigue or bodily privation, being happy in the belief that they were not better served than the sick and wounded.

During the month of September the Sisters were recalled by their Superiors to the Central House at Emmittsburg, and this for the time being ended their labors at Frederick City.

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CHAPTER X.

WHITE HOUSE.

Sixty Sisters depart from Baltimore for the station in Virginia. Wounded and dying men upon transport boats. Nurses who shared every horror with their patients. Two Sisters who were martyrs to duty and humanity. The worn-out Sister of Charity buried. Military honors upon the banks of the Potomac. Death of a deserter.

The many appeals for Sisters to repair to the war-stricken sections of the country, both North and South, had widely separated the members of the Emmittsburg community. The venerable Mother Ann Simeon remained in executive charge at home. Father Burlando visited as well as he could the various military hospitals where the Sisters were stationed. His care would not extend beyond the line of hostilities, but, fortunately, the Sister assistant had been sent to superintend the missions in the South before the blockade.

On July 14, 1862, the surgeon general at Washington wrote for one hundred Sisters to be sent to a station called White House, in Virginia, then in possession of the Northern forces. So many were already in service

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that it was impossible to comply fully with this request. Sixty Sisters, however, started from Baltimore for that place. As all traveling was attended with much difficulty, the Sisters experienced many hardships. The authorities intended to make a hospital encampment in the vicinity of White House, as many thousands of wounded had been brought there from the recent battles. No preparations had been made for accommodating the Sisters, although the officers and doctors were rejoiced at their coming. General George B. McClellan, then chief in command, was some miles distant at the time, but sent orders that every possible care and attention should be offered to the Sisters. Father Burlando accompanied the Sisters to this place, and after receiving assurances that proper arrangements had been made for them returned home. They had only passed a few days here when suddenly all hands were ordered to leave with the greatest haste—the enemy was only two miles distant. Then began confusion and additional suffering.

The wounded and dying men were hurriedly placed upon transport boats. These vessels were so overcrowded that they seemed more like sinking than sailing. The Sisters were detailed to accompany the wounded to the several cities where they were destined, the work of transportation continuing for several weeks. The Sisters shared with their patients every horror but their bodily pains. They were in the lower cabin, the ceiling of which was low and the apartment lighted by hanging lamps and candles. The men lay on beds on the floor, with scarcely enough space to walk between them. The Sister in charge of this lower ward was so persevering in her zealous attention that even the doctor declared he did not know how human nature could endure such duties. A few months

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later this Sister died from the effcts of overwork—a martyr to duty. The remaining Sisters not engaged with the sick returned to Baltimore, but in a few days received a summons to go to Point Lookout, situated at the southern extremity of Maryland, bounded on one side by the Chesapeake Bay and on the other by the Potomac River.

On the 14th of July, 1862, Father Burlando, with twenty-five Sisters, left Baltimore, and in twenty-four hours reached the hospital encampment of Point Lookout. The Sisters were soon destined to have another martyr in their band. They were only at Point Lookout two weeks when one of the zealous band, who had contracted typhoid fever on the transport boat, died from that disease: She gave up her whole being as generously as she had offered her zealous labors. Father Burlando had returned to Baltimore, but a good priest, who came occasionally to the encampment, heard her confession, and she received communion a day or two previous to her death. The priest being stationed twelve miles distant could not reach the encampment in time to administer the last sacraments, but arrived in time to perform the burial service. The kind doctors and officers made every effort to suitably honor the departed Sister. The men said they deemed it a great privilege to act as the pall-bearers. All of the soldiers who had died had been buried with only a sheet wrapped around them, but for the Sister a white pine coffin was procured. The authorities walked in procession, the drum corps playing a dead march. There on the banks of the Potomac rested the worn-out Sister of Charity. What a subject for the pen of the poet or the brush of the painter!

Several cottages and tents, as well as wooden wards for the accommodation of thousands of sick and wounded, made this narrow strait a thickly-inhabited place. Many

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of the men were in a deplorable state from the effects of their wounds and painful removals from distant battle-grounds. The priest often came on Friday and remained until Monday, constantly engaged among the soldiers, instructing, baptizing and hearing confessions. On Sunday mornings he said the first Mass at the encampment and the second in the little chapel. The first Mass was said in a tent surrounded by soldiers. The captain of the guards marched his company to Mass on that day, and at the elevation a drum was sounded and all adored profoundly.

Later on the officers gave the Sisters more cottages, and by removing the patients they had a good-sized chapel. With but few exceptions the doctors and officers were very kind to the Sisters. Removals by death and the arrival of more wounded men sometimes caused the wards to be emptied and refilled again the same day. As soon as a boat would land a horn was blown to let the Sisters know that they must go to their wards. Then they would appoint a place for each sufferer, giving the best accommodations to those who were enduring the greatest suffering. Many among the new arrivals were Confederate prisoners.

About this time orders came from Washington that no women nurses were to remain at the Point. After the Sisters had begun their work a band of young ladies arrived for the purpose of nursing the sick, and they were surprised to find the Sisters there before them. When the Sisters heard the order from Washington concerning "women nurses," they made preparations for leaving, but the chief physician said to them:

"Remain here, Sisters, until I hear from Washington, for we cannot dispense with your services at this time."

The physician telegraphed to the national capital and received this reply:

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"The Sisters of Charity are not included in our orders. They may serve all alike at the Point, prisoners and others, but all other ladies are to leave the place."

About 5 o'clock on the morning of the 6th of August, 1864, the Sisters were at meditation in their chapel, when they were startled by a noise like thunder, and, looking out, saw the air darkened with whirling sand, lumber, bedsteads, stovepipes and even the roofs of houses. A raging tornado and waterspout were tearing and destroying all in their way, taking in everything from the river to the bay. The little chapel shook from roof to foundation. Doors and windows were blown down. Sick and wounded men were blown out on the ground. Wards and cottages were carried several feet from their base. Two Sisters who had not yet arisen, terrified at finding their lodgings falling to pieces, ran out and in their efforts to reach the chapel were struck down by the flying doors and as often raised from the earth by the violent wind.

The Sisters were too stunned with surprise to know what to do, though truly nothing could be done. for they would only have left one part of the chapel for another when the last part would be blown away. In one of these intermissions a Sister seized hold of the tabernacle, fearing that its next place would be in the bay, but the altar was the only spot in the chapel that the angry elements seemed to respect. Lumber and iron bedsteads were carried over the tops of the cottages. The wards were nearly all filled with patients, and several of these buildings were leveled to the ground. The men who were able to move about were running in all directions for safety, many of them only half dressed. One house was seen sailing through the air, and the bodies in it at the time of the storm were not discovered until some days afterward. The

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storm lasted about ten or fifteen minutes, but in this time heavy mattresses were carried through the air like so many feathers. It was some time before all could be repaired. The poor patients had to be cared for in some way or other, and it was not an unusual sight to see the Sisters standing by the stove with their saucepans of broth in one hand and umbrellas in the other, only too happy thus to relieve the poor sufferers.

The Sisters going to the Provost one day were informed that a deserter was to be shot the next morning, and they would do well to visit him. They went to prison, but the man showed no desire to see them, and they sorrowfully returned home. Later the prisoner regretted not having seen the Sisters, and asked to have them sent for. The kind Provost sent an orderly, telling the Sisters of the poor man's desire. It was now very dark, and some of the authorities advised the Sisters not to go until the next morning. The orderly carried this message to his superior but was sent back again with a note from the Provost, saying:

"I will call for you on horseback and will be your pilot with the ambulance. I will guide the driver safely through the woods and will also conduct you home safely. I think circumstances require your attendance on the prisoner."

This was enough for the Sisters, and they were soon at the prison, but found a minister of the prisoner's persuasion with him. After he had finished his interview the Sisters were taken to the man, who apologized for not seeing them sooner. One of the Sisters asked him if he had been baptized. He said, "No, never." Then she informed him of its necessity, and he regretted, with much fervor, that he had not known this sooner. The Sisters

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remained with him some hours, giving him such instructions as his condition required. After baptizing him he expressed his desire to see a priest. The Provost, looking at his watch, replied that he could not be there in time. It was now late and the execution must take place early in the morning. The young man resigned himself fully to his fate, saying:

"I deserve death, and freely pardon anyone who will take part in it. I know I must die by the hand of one of my company, but whoever it may be I forgive him."

Then he returned to his devotions with such a lively faith that the Sisters had no fear for his salvation. They bade him adieu and promised to assemble before the altar in his behalf when the hour of his trial drew near and to remain in prayer until all would be over with him. The kind Provost made all arrangements for the Sisters' return home, and said, when leaving the prison:

"May I have such help at my death and die with such a good disposition."

At the dreaded hour in the morning the Sisters knelt before their humble altar, most fervently imploring the Redeemer to receive the soul of the poor deserter. They continued very long after the sound of the fatal fire had told them that his destiny had been decided. The soldiers remarked afterwards that every one on the Point was present at the execution with the exception of the Sisters, who had retired to pray for the doomed man.

Peace being declared, preparations were made for a general removal. The doctors desired the Sisters to remain until all the sick and wounded had gone. After this they, too, left the Point on the 1st of August, 1865, going to their home at Emmittsburg.

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CHAPTER XI.

MANASSAS AND ANTIETAM.

Five Sisters charged with the care of five hundred patients. Bodies of the dead consumed by the flames. The military hospitals at Gordonsville and Lynchburg. Boonsboro and Sharpsburg selected for hospital purposes for the men wounded at Antietam. General McClellan's kindness to the Sisters. A man who had met Sisters during the Crimean war. The brave flag bearer.

There was scarcely a time from the opening of the war until its close that some of the Sisters of Charity were not located at Richmond. This was a sort of unofficial Southern headquarters for them, whence they were sent for duty on the various Southern battlefields. The section of country in which the Mother House was located was in possession of the Union army most of the time. But the house was looked upon as sacred property by the generals of both armies and was never molested by the soldiers.

Late in August, 1862, Dr. Williams, the medical director of the army of the Potomac, made a hasty summons for a detachment of Sisters to wait upon the sick and

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wounded at Manassas, where a severe battle had just taken place. Five of the Sisters immediately left Richmond for the scene of the conflict.

When they arrived at Manassas they found five hundred patients, including the men of both armies, awaiting them. The mortality was very great, as the wounded men had been very much neglected. The wards of the temporary hospital were in a most deplorable condition and strongly resisted all efforts of the broom, to which they had long been strangers. It was finally discovered that the aid of a shovel was necessary. One small room was set aside as a dormitory for the Sisters. They were also provided with a chaplain and Mass was said every day in one corner of the little room. Fresh difficulties and annoyances presented themselves later in the season. The kitchen, to which what was called the refectory was attached, was a quarter of a mile from the Sisters' room, and often it was found more prudent to be satisfied with two meals than to trudge through the snow and sleet for the third. These meals at the best were not very inviting, for the culinary department was under the care of negroes who had a decided aversion to cleanliness. On an average ten of the patients died every day. Most of these poor unfortunates were attended by either Father Smoulders, Father Tuling or the Sisters.

After spending a long while at Manassas the Sisters received orders from General Johnston to pack up quietly and prepare to leave on six hours' notice, as it had been found necessary to retreat from that quarter. They had scarcely left their posts when the whole camp was one mass of flames and the bodies of those who died that day were consumed.

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The next field of labor for the Sisters was the military hospital at Gordonsville. There were but three Sisters, and they had two hundred patients under their charge. The sick were very poorly provided for, although the mortality was not as great as at Manassas. The Sisters had a small room, which served for all purposes. One week they lay on the floor without beds, their habits and a shawl loaned by the doctor serving for covering. The trunk of a tree was their table and the rusty tin cups and plates, which were used in turn by doctors, Sisters and negroes, were very far from exciting a relish for what they contained. The approach of the Federal troops compelled the Sisters to leave Gordonsville on Easter Sunday.

They retreated in good order toward Danville. Having been obliged to stop at Richmond some time they did not enter on this new field of labor until much later in the year. At Danville they found four hundred sick, all of whom were much better provided for than at Manassas or Gordonsville. The Sisters had a nice little house, which would have been a kind of luxury had it not been the abode of innumerable rats, of which they stood in no little dread. During the night the Sisters' stockings were carried off, and on awakening in the morning the meek religious frequently found their fingers and toes locked in the teeth of the bold visitors.

In November the medical director removed the hospital to Lynchburg, as there was no means of heating the one in Danville. The number of the Sisters had increased to five, as the hospital was large and contained one thousand patients, most of whom were in a pitiable condition. When the Sisters arrived they found that most of the unfortunate patients were half-starved, owing to the misman-

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agement of the institution. As a Sister passed through the wards for the first time, accompanied by the doctor, a man from the lower end cried out:

"Lady, lady, for God's sake give me a piece of bread!"

The doctors soon placed everything under the control of the Sisters, and with a little economy the patients were provided for and order began to prevail. Father L. H. Gache, S. J. (1), a zealous and brave priest, effected much good among the patients. During the three years that the Sisters remained in Lynchburg he baptized one hundred persons. The approach of the Federal troops placed the hospital in imminent danger, and it was decided to remove the sick and the hospital stores to Richmond. The surgeon general of the Confederate army begged that the Sisters would take charge of the Stuart Hospital in that city, which they did on the 13th of February, 1865.

Father Gache accompanied them and continued his mission of zeal and charity. The Sisters were then ten in number, and, as usual, found plenty to do to place the sick in a comfortable situation. They had just accomplished

(1). Rev. Louis Hippolyte Gache, S. J., was born June 18, 1817, in the department of Ardeche, France. His early studies were pursued at the College of Bourg, St. Andeole. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was appointed chaplain of a Louisiana regiment in the Confederate army. Owing to losses in battle, sickness, etc., the regiment ceased to exist in two years, and Father Gache from then to the close of the war was attached as chaplain to military hospitals. At the end of the conflict he returned to Grand Coteau, remaining there a year. He was then transferred to the new province of Maryland, now that of New York-Baltimore, becoming a professor in Loyola College. He has occupied various posts of responsibility since that time, and only last year (1886) celebrated his golden jubilee or fiftieth year in the Society of Jesus, at the Church of the Gesu, in Philadelphia.

this when the city was evacuated, and on the 13th of April they left Richmond for the Mother House at Emmittsburg.

A terrible engagement took place near the Antietam River, in Maryland, not far from the Potomac, on the 17th of September, 1862. Not only were thousands on both sides killed, but as many more were left wounded on the battlefield, with the farmhouses and barns their only prospective shelter. As the fighting had been from twelve to fifteen miles in space, the towns of Boonsboro and Sharpsburg were selected for hospital purposes. The general in charge of the Maryland division requested the people to aid the fallen prisoners, as the Government provided for the Northern soldiers and would have cared for all if it had enough for that purpose.

The Superior of the Sisters of Charity, with the people of Emmittsburg, collected a quantity of clothing, provisions, remedies, delicacies and money for these poor men. The overseer of the community drove in a carriage to the place, with Father Smith, C. M., and two of the Sisters. Boonsboro is about thirty miles from Emmittsburg, and the wagon containing the supplies reached the town by twilight. Two officers of the Northern army saw the cornettes by the aid of the lighted lamps, and, pointing to the carriage, one said to the other:

"Ah, there come the Sisters of Charity; now the poor men will be equally cared for."

The Sisters were kindly received at the house of a worthy physician, whose only daughter had previously been their pupil. They were in the town four hospitals. The morning after their arrival they set out for the battlefield, having Miss Janette, their kind hostess, as a pilot. They passed houses and barns occupied as hospitals, fences

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BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

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strewn with bloody clothing, and further on came to the wounded of both armies. The poor men were only separated from the ground by some straw for beds, with here and there a blanket stretched above them by sticks driven into the earth at their head and feet to protect them from the burning sun. The Sisters distributed their little stores among the men, although their wretched condition seemed to destroy all relish for food or drinks.

Bullets could be gathered from the small spaces that separated the men. They were consoled as much as possible, but the Sisters scarcely knew where to begin or what to do. If they stopped at once place, a messenger would come to hastily call them elsewhere. In a wagon shed lay a group of men, one of whom was mortally wounded.

An officer called the Sisters to him, telling them how the mortally wounded man had become a hero as a flag-bearer in the bloody struggle just ended. The poor fellow seemed to gain new strength while the Sisters were near him.

They were about to move away when the officer recalled them, saying: "I fear the man is dying rapidly; come to him. He has been so valiant that I wish to let his wife know that the Sisters of Charity were with him in his last moments."

Father Smith was summoned and hastily prepared the man for death. The thought of having the Sisters near him seemed to fill the poor man with joy and gave him the confidence and courage to die with a smile upon his lips.

Two wounded Protestant ministers lay among the wounded soldiers, and with one of these Father Smith spoke for a long time while preparing the man for his end.

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The steward, who seemed delighted to see the Sisters, informed them that he had met members of their order during the Crimean War.

A Northern steward and a Southern surgeon became involved in a personal dispute, which ended by one challenging the other to meet him in mortal combat in a retired spot near the battlefield. Both withdrew towards an old shed, at the same time talking in a loud voice, threatening each other in angry tones. No one interfered and the duel would have taken place had not one of the Sisters followed them. She spoke to both of them firmly and reproachfully, taking their pistols from them, and the affair ended by their separating like docile children, each retiring to his post.

Nightfall drove the Sisters to their lodgings in the town, but they returned early in the morning. The medical director met the Sisters, saying: "You dine with me to-day," and added: "If you will remain I shall make arrangements for your accommodations." But he was ordered elsewhere a few hours later and the Sisters saw no more of him.

The Sisters were requested by one of the officers to attend the funeral of the brave flag-bearer. It was about dusk and eight or ten persons followed the body to the grave, besides Rev. Father Smith and the Sisters. Presently they saw about two hundred soldiers on horseback galloping towards them. A few of the horsemen approached the group of mourners and taking off their caps and bowing one of them said:

"I am General McClellan and I am happy and proud to see the Sisters of Charity with these poor men. How many are here?"

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"Two," was the reply. "We came here to bring relief to the suffering, and we return in a day or so."

"Oh," he replied, "why can we not have more here? I would like to see fifty Sisters ministering to the poor sufferers. Whom shall I address for this purpose?"

Father Smith gave him the address of the Superior at Emmittsburg. Then he asked:

"Do you know how the brave standard-bearer is doing?"

He was informed that the flag-bearer was just about to be buried, whereupon he joined the procession and remained until after the interment.

General McClellan at this time was in the full flush of a vigorous manhood, with the added prestige of a West Point education. His command was considered the finest body of men in either the Union or the Confederate army. Just prior to the battle of Antietam General McClellan had ordered a review of his troops before the President and the members of his Cabinet. It was a magnificent sight to see 70,000 well-drilled and well-dressed soldiers keeping step to the tune of martial music. What a difference between then and now. The finest blood in the nation lay spilled upon the field of Antietam; the dread hand of death had broken up and demoralized the Army of the Potomac.

General McClellan was the idol of his men and was affectionately styled "Little Mac." Upon his staff were two volunteers from France, the Compte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres. They were grandsons of King Louis Philippe, were commissioned in the Union army and served without pay as aides-de-camp to General McClellan. The Compte de Paris has written what is considered to be the best and most impartial history of the civil war

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extant. Both of these distinguished volunteers were with General McClellan at the time of his conversation with the Sisters.

About this time the work of removing the wounded soldiers to Frederick City and Hagerstown began. During the time the Sisters remained on the battlefield they went from farm to farm trying to find those who were in most danger. The Sisters were in constant danger from bomb shells which had not exploded and which only required a slight jar to burst. The ground was covered with these and it was hard to distinguish them while the carriage wheels were rolling over straw and dry leaves. The farms in the vicinity were laid waste. Unthreshed wheat was used for roofing of tents or pillows for the men. A few fences that had been spared by the cannon balls were used for fuel. The quiet farmhouses contained none of their former inhabitants. Stock in the shape of cattle and fowl seemed to have disappeared from the face of the earth. Even the dogs were either killed or had fled from the appalling scene. It was very remarkable also that on none of the battlefields during the war were there any carrion birds, not even a crow, though piles of dead horses lay here and there. Some of these animals were half burned from the efforts made to consume them by lighting fence rails over them, but this seemed rather to add to the foulness of the atmosphere than help to purify it. Long ridges of earth with sticks here and there told "so many of the Northern army lie here" or "so many of the Southern army lie there." General McClellan's army was encamped in the neighborhood, with arms stacked, shining in the sun like spears of silver.

A Northern soldier was rebuking a sympathizing lady

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for her partiality towards the fallen Southerners and said: "How I admire the Sisters of Charity in this matter. When I was in Portsmouth, Va., they were called over from Norfolk to serve their own men, the Southerners, in their hospitals and labored in untiring charity. When, a few weeks later, our men took the place and the same hospital was filled with the Northern soldiers, these good Sisters were called on again, when they resumed their kind attention the same as if there was no sectional change in the men. "This," he continued, "was true Christian charity, and I would not fear for any human misery when the Sisters have control. This, young lady, is what all you young ladies ought to do."

The following day Father Smith celebrated two Masses in the parlor of the house at which he was stopping. The Sisters left this place on the 8th of October, having spent six days among the wounded soldiers, who had nearly all been removed at this time from the neighborhood.

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CHAPTER XII.

NEW ORLEANS.

The capture of the commercial metropolis of the Southwest by General Butler and Admiral Farragut. Butler's chivalrous letter to the Superior of the Convent at Donaldsonville. His tribute to the Sisters of Charity. Bishop Elder and the panic stricken people of Natchez. Work of the Sisters in other localities.

On the 25th of April, 1862, a fleet under the famous Admiral Farragut, together with a land force under General Benjamin F. Butler, captured the city of New Orleans. Butler assumed charge of the "commercial metropolis of the Southwest," as it was then called, while the gun boats proceeded up the Mississippi River, subjugating other cities and towns along its banks. One of these was Donaldsonville. In shelling this place Admiral Farragut injured some of the property under the charge of the Sisters of Charity. The Superior entered a complaint with General Butler and in return received the following chivalrous letter:

"Headquarters Department of the Gulf, New Orleans, La., September 2, 1862.

"Santa Maria Clara, Superior and Sister of Charity.

"Madame: I had no information until the reception of your note that so sad a result to the Sisters of your com-

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munity had happened from the bombardment of Donaldsonville.

"I am very, very sorry that Rear Admiral Farragut was unaware that he was injuring your establishment by his shells. Any injury must have been entirely accidental. The destruction of that town became a necessity. The inhabitants harbored a gang of cowardly guerrillas, who committed every atrocity, amongst others that of firing upon an unarmed boat crowded with women and children going up the coast, returning to their homes, many of them having been at school in New Orleans.

"It is impossible to allow such acts, and I am only sorry that the righteous punishment meted out to them in this instance, as, indeed, in all others, fell quite as heavily upon the innocent and unoffending as upon the guilty.

"No one can appreciate more fully than myself the holy, self-sacrificing labors of the Sisters of Charity. To them old soldiers are daily indebted for the kindest offices. Sisters to all mankind, they know no nation, no kindred, neither war nor peace. Their all-pervading charity is like the boundless love of 'Him who died for all,' whose servants they are and whose pure teachings their love illustrates.

"I repeat my grief that any harm should have befallen your society of Sisters and will cheerfully repair it, so far as I may, in the manner you suggest by filling the order you have sent to the city for provisions and medicines.

"Your Sisters in the city will also further testify to you that my officers and soldiers have never failed to do to them all in our power to aid them in their usefulness and to lighten the burden of their labors.

"With sentiments of the highest respect, believe me you friend, Benj. F. Butler.

Some time after this General Blanchard, who was in command of the military in Monroe, La., made a request

for Sisters to care for the sick and wounded under his charge. A deputation of Sisters was at once sent from St. Mary's Asylum in Natchez.

The Sisters were obliged to leave in the night in consequence of a dispatch announcing the approach of the Federal gun boat Essex, which might have prevented their departure had they remained until the next day. Hence they were compelled to cross the Mississippi River shortly before the midnight hour. The good Bishop of Natchez, now Most Rev. W. H. Elder, Archbishop of Cincinnati, alarmed for their safety, determined to accompany them to the post to which they were destined, and he did so. The pastor of the church at Monroe was also one of the party. The Sisters and their friends crossed the river in a skiff, and, reaching the other side, found an ambulance awaiting them. They traveled the remainder of that night and the following two days over a very rough and dangerous road. General Blanchard had a matron and nurses employed in the hospital. He dismissed these and arranged with the Sisters to take charge the day after their arrival.

Sister E—— had in her ward a convalescent patient who, deeming himself of more consequence than the others, was somewhat piqued at her for not showing him special attention. The Sister kept him in his place and treated him precisely as she did the others. One day she went as usual to administer the medicines, and as she was passing the ward in which he was located she heard him utter most terrible oaths. She passed on quietly, but on her return showed her displeasure at his disorderly conduct. He made every apology for his misbehavior. The Sister proceeded on her way, having a bottle in each hand. At a very short distance from where the man was standing she

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stopped to say a few words to another patient. She happened to look back and noticed the convalescent man put his hand in his coat pocket, and at the same instant the crack of a pistol shot was heard. The ball passed through the front of the Sister's cornette, within an inch or two of her forehead. The poor man with whom the Sister had been talking thought he was wounded again, jumped up and clapped his hands on his old wound, as if to assure himself of its escape from harm. The Sister, pale, but with perfect presence of mind, still held her bottles and made her way through the cloud of smoke and the crowd that had gathered at the report of the pistol. The man was arrested and would have been dealt with in a summary manner, but at the request of the Sister he was released. He claimed that it was an accident. It was afterwards discovered that he was a gambler and had loaded the pistol to shoot an enrollment officer in town.

In the meantime things were reaching a crisis in the city of Natchez. One morning the sound of a shell bursting over the town filled the people with consternation. The scene that followed is beyond description. Women and children rushed through the streets screaming with terror. The asylum was thronged by persons of every description, who begged to be admitted within its walls. One of the Sisters speaking of this says: "I can never forget the anguish I felt at the sight of mothers with infants in their arms begging us to preserve the lives of their little ones, without a thought about their own safety. At the sound of the first shell our good Bishop hastened to the asylum to assist us in placing the children out of danger of the shells. The Bishop was surrounded as soon as he appeared and nothing could be heard but cries of 'Oh,

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Father, hear my confession,' and 'Bishop, baptize me. Do not let us be killed without baptism.' The Bishop kindly went into the confessional, but soon perceived that he would be detained there too long; therefore he requested the Sisters to assemble all in the chapel and he would give a general absolution, as the danger was so imminent. Immediately their cries and sobs were suppressed. The Bishop, after a few touching words, bade us remember that no shell could harm the least one among us without the Divine permission. He then gave a general absolution to all present."

Shells passed over the building in rapid succession while the Sisters were kneeling in the chapel. Some of the bombs fell in the adjoining yard, yet not one of those in the asylum was injured. Within the silence of death reigned. No sound was heard but the fervent aspirations of the Bishop and the suppressed sobs of the smaller children. Giving the final blessing the Bishop said: "Tell the Sisters to take the children away as soon as possible." When all were in readiness each of the orphans, with a bundle of clothing, passed out of the asylum with the thought that they were never again to enter its loved walls. Five of the Sisters accompanied them, and the others, with two sick children, followed in a market wagon, the only vehicle that could be procured. While the Sisters were placing the smaller children in the wagon a shell passed over the horse's head, so near as to frighten and cause the animal to jump, but it fell some distance away without exploding. The poor children had to go five miles without resting, so great was the danger. After remaining some weeks in the country the authorities compromised, and the gunboat left the city without doing any

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further damages. The Bishop announced the Forty Hours' Devotion in thanksgiving.

Good work was done in the Charity Hospital, New Orleans. The Sisters of Charity had charge of this hospital and attended many hundreds of the sick and wounded on both sides. It was the same with the Marine Hospital of New Orleans. The first act of one of the Sisters on entering a ward in this hospital was to grasp a cup of water from a nurse and baptize a dying soldier.

One Sister relates how she endeavored for a long time to get a cot for a very sick patient who lay on the floor reclining on his carpet bag. She finally succeeded, and then persuaded a convalescent soldier to convey the sick man to the cot. The patient was unwilling to go without his carpet bag and his boots, fearing they would be stolen if he left them. He kept a watchful eye on them all the time, and the Sister, understanding the reluctant movements of the patient, took up the carpet bag in one hand and the boots in the other and followed. The poor man was very much struck with the humility and charity of the Sister, and said:

"The soldiers wonder how the Sisters can work so hard without pay."

The Sister replied: "Our pay is in a coin more precious than gold; it is laid up in a country more desirable than any that exists on this earth."

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CHAPTER XIII.

SOUTHERN BATTLEFIELDS.

A letter from Central Georgia begging for Sisters of Charity.—"Are they men or women?" A cautious priest who took the good nurses for impostors. The train crashes through a bridge. The "magic" lunch basket and how it fed an unlimited number of Sisters and soldiers. The hospitals at Marietta and Atlanta.

After the battle of Fredericksburg, in December, 1862, the Sisters who had been looking after the sick and wounded in the hospitals near Richmond soon found their labors reduced very materially. The armies on both sides were becoming more accustomed to the hardships of the camps, and as a result there was less sickness in the various regiments. There had also been a cessation of battles in the vicinity of Richmond, and as a consequence there were no wounded men to care for. The Sisters, feeling that their usefulness was at an end, called upon the officer in charge and asked for passports in order that they might return through the lines to their Emmittsburg home. The official would not consent to their going away, claiming that he knew they would be needed in other places in the near future. This being the case, they remained.

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The next day a letter came from the military in Central Georgia, begging for Sisters of Charity to be sent to their hospital there. Five Sisters left for this place on the night of February 24, 1863. A fierce battle had taken place, rendering the services of the Sisters very necessary. On the way, at many places where they stopped, there was great curiosity at the sight of their peculiar garb. Upon one occasion, having to wait two hours for a train, the curious bystanders examined the Sisters closely, saying:

"Who are they?" "Are they men or women?" "Oh, what a strange uniform this company has adopted." "Surely the enemy will run from them."

Once or twice the crowd pushed roughly against the Sisters, as though to see whether they were human beings or not. A Sister spoke to a woman at the station, and thereupon many in the crowd clapped their hands and shouted: 'She spoke! she spoke!"

At one of the towns where the Sisters stopped they did not know where to look for lodgings. Acting upon the first impulse, they went to the Catholic pastor's residence and inquired where they might be accommodated. The good old priest, strange as it may seem, had never seen their costume before, and as every day had its impostures to avoid, he was reserved and cautious, even unwilling to direct them to any house. At last his pity got the better of his prudence and he said slowly: "I will show you where the Sisters of Mercy live." He took them there, where the good Mother received them with open arms, saying: "Oh, the dear Sisters of Charity. You are truly welcome to my house."

This lady had been kindly entertained some years before by the Sisters of Charity at Baltimore. The poor,

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abashed priest had kept near the door, fearing he had put trouble on the good Sisters of Mercy, but when he saw the reception accorded the visitors he brightened up. Approaching one of the Sisters with outstretched hands, he said: "Oh, ladies, make friends; I thought you were impostors."

Continuing the journey, one night a cry suddenly went up: "The cars have gone through the bridge and we are in the river." The greatest excitement prevailed in the train. Passengers rushed to and fro, falling over one another in their confusion. The Sisters had gone through so many exciting scenes during the war that they had learned the value of retaining their presence of mind in such an emergency. They remained still and soon learned that the accident had not occurred to their train, but to one coming in the opposite direction. Except by the help of torches very little could be done until daylight. Two of the Sisters, however, crossed to the other side of the bridge and gave suitable attention to the sufferers, washing and binding their wounds. None were killed or in serious danger. By 12 o'clock the next day they reached a town. No refreshments were to be had. The work of devastation on the part of Sherman's army had preceded them. Fortunately a little basket of lunch, originally prepared for five Sisters, offered some sustenance. The next day the number of Sisters had increased to eleven and several strangers also, with whom they shared their supplies. At 9 o'clock the same evning a poor soldier near them in the car said: "Oh, but I am hungry. I have not had one crumb of food this day."

Out came the magic basket and the sufferer was satisfied. Immediately others asked for food. The two follow-

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ing days the Sisters had the soldiers to supply besides themselves, and yet the generous basket was true to all demands. On the third day's journey they reached their field of labor. It was in the town of Marietta. A very fine building had been prepared for hospital purposes, and the whole place, with its wants and workings, was placed in charge of the Sisters. Their trained hands soon reduced everything to a system, and from that hour until its close the affairs of the institution went like clockwork.

The Sisters were five weeks without having the opportunity or facilities for hearing Mass. Two Sisters at last went to Atlanta, where there were two priests, and begged that they might at least have Mass at Easter, which was then approaching. This was agreed to, and not only the Sisters, but many poor soldiers made their Easter duty. An earnest appeal was also made for a chaplain, and "headquarters" appointed one. Before he arrived, however, orders were given to remove, as the enemy was advancing. The Sisters had just received many wounded soldiers, and these men grieved bitterly when the religious left them. (1).

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(1). One of the nurses who did splendid service in the South was Sister Mary Gabriel. She was the daughter of the late Henry W. and Barbara Kraft, of Philadelphia. When little more than a child she entered the novitiate at Emmittsburg, Md., an action which even then had been delayed a year in deference to her father's expressed wish. At the end of two years she was professed on the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, 1842.

Her first mission was the Charity Hospital, New Orleans, where she entered upon what proved to be a long life of devotion to the poor sick. Soon after her arrival she contracted the dreaded yellow fever while nursing stricken patients, and her life was despaired of. She recovered, however, and was again at the post of danger in the plague-stricken city. During the war she labored among

On the 24th of May, in response to an urgent appeal, the Sisters reached Atlanta, where nearly all the houses were filled with the sick and wounded. Only tents could be raised for the Sisters. They had five hundred patients in the tents at the start, and large numbers were added daily. The Sisters were provided with a little log house, containing two small rooms. The mice ran over them at night and the rain was so constant through the day that their umbrellas were always in their hands. Two of them became very ill. The surgeon told them to keep in readiness for a move, but the patients were so happy and doing so well under their care that he could not think of their leaving at that time.

A poor man, badly wounded, had been very cross and abusive towards the Sister who served him, but she increased her kindness and on the surface did not seem to understand his rudeness. At last he became very weak, and one day when she was waiting on him she saw that he was weeping. She said: "Have I pained you? I know I am too rough. Pardon me this time and I will try to spare you pain again, for I would rather lessen than augmen distress in this hour of misery."

He burst into tears and said: "My heart is indeed pained at my ingratitude towards you, for I have received nothing less than maternal care from you, and I have

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the dying soldiers at Mobile and Holly Springs. Twice in later years she visited Philadelphia, the second visit following retirement from active duty. It was during this second visit and while she was staying at St. Joseph's Hospital that she celebrated her golden jubilee. Her superiors finding her so full of vigor and zeal, again assigned her to active duty, and at her own request she was returned to the Charity Hospital, New Orleans. This devoted Sister passed to her reward about the fall of 1896.

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received it in anger. Do pardon me. I declare I am forced to respect your patience and charity. When I came into this hospital and found that the Sisters were the nurses my heart was filled with hatred. My mind was filled with prejudice—a prejudice which I confess was inherited from those nearest and dearest to me. I did not believe that anything good could come from the Sisters. But now I see my mistake all too clearly, and in seeing it I recognize the unintentional blackness of my own heart. I have seen the Sisters in their true light. I see their gentleness, their humility, their daily—aye, their hourly sacrifices, their untiring work for others; in a word, their great love for humanity. Forgive me if you can."

This man soon after expired with the most edifying sentiments upon his lips.

On May 2, 1863, General Joseph Hooker, who had succeeded Burnside, fought General Lee at Chancellorsville, but was defeated. Lee followed up this victory by crossing the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, and marching into Pennsylvania. The Union army under General Meade advanced to meet him, and then came Gettysburg.

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CHAPTER XIV.

GETTYSBURG.

Twelve Sisters depart for the battlefield from the Mother House at Emmittsburg. A white handkerchief on a stick serves as a flag of truce. An open charnel house red with the blood of American manhood. The little church in the town of Gettysburg filled with the sick and wounded. A Sister saves the life of a helpless man. "I belong to the Methodist Church."

What is now generally conceded to have been the decisive battle of the Civil War was fought on the 1st, 2d and 3d of July, 1863. It took place in and around Gettysburg, a town located only about ten miles north of Emmittsburg, the mother house of the Sisters of Charity. The Union army was under the control of General George G. Meade, and the Confederate forces under General Robert E. Lee. Over 140,000 men were engaged in that bloody struggle, which lasted until the evening of the third day. The contending armies by their movements advanced more and more toward the Sisters' house in Maryland. The scene of this historic battle covered an area of over twenty-five square miles. The soldiers were so close to the Sisters' house that the buildings trembled from the fearful cannonading.

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On the morning of July 1, as the head of the One Hundred and Seventh Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, Second Division, First (Reynolds) Corps was approaching St. Joseph's Academy near Emmittsburg the soldiers were greeted with a remarkable and impressive sight. A long line of young girls led by several Sisters of Charity took their position along the side of the road and at a word from the Sister in charge all fell upon their knees and with upturned faces toward the vaulted skies earnestly prayed for the spiritual and physical safety of the men who were about to go into deadly battle. The sight was at once solemn and inspiring in the extreme. The roughest soldiers ofttimes have the tenderest hearts, and this scene affected them more than they cared to confess. In an instant the head of every soldier in the line was bowed and bared, and remained so until the prayer was finished. All instinctively felt that the prayers of those self-sacrificing women and innocent children would be answered. To many of the men it was a harbinger of coming victory as certain as the sunshine that smiled upon them on that beautiful July morning. The scene was photographed upon the mind of many a veteran and remained ever afterwards as one of the sweetest memories of the war. (1)

The night of the third day the rain fell heavily, and it continued raining all the next day. On Sunday morning immediately after Mass, Rev. James Francis Burlando, with twelve Sisters, left Emmittsburg for the battlefield, taking refreshments, bandages, sponges and

(1). The accuracy of this story is vouched for by several persons who were eye-witnesses of the incident. One of these was Major John C. Delaney, now of Harrisburg, Pa.

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clothing, with the intention of doing all that was possible for the suffering soldiers and then returning home the next evening (2). The roads previous to the rain had been in a bad condition and the two armies had passed over them with difficulty. But with the mighty rain the mud became so thick that they were almost impassable. The subdued Southerners having retired, their thousands of dead and wounded were left on the field and in the barns and farmhouses in the vicinity. Scouts of the North were stationed here and there, prepared to meet and cope with any eleventh hour surprises. One of these bands seeing the Sisters' carriages was about to fire on them, thinking they were the ambulances of the enemy. The Sisters had reached a double blockade of zigzag fence thrown across the road for defensive purposes. The visitors wondered whether they dare go around it by turning into the fields, for in the distance they saw soldiers, half hidden in the woods, watching them. Father Burlando put a white handkerchief on a stick and holding it high in the air, walked towards them, while the Sisters alighted and walked about, so that the concealed soldiers might see their white head-dress, known as cornettes. The men viewed the priest sharply, for they had resolved to refuse to recognize a flag of truce if it were offered, but the sight of the cornettes reassured them. They met the priest and, learning his mission, sent an escort with him to open a passage for the Sisters through the fields. The meek messengers of peace and charity soon came in sight of the ravages of grim war.

(2). Father Burlando was a notable member of the Congregation of the Missions, commonly knows as Lazarists Fathers. A sketch of his useful career will be found in appendix vii at the end of this volume.

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It was a sight that once seen was not soon to be forgotten. Thousands of guns and swords, representing the weapons of the living, the wounded and the dead, lay scattered about. The downpour from heaven had filled the roads with water, but on this awful battlefield it was red with real blood. The night before the unpitying stars shone down upon the stark forms of the flower of American manhood. Hundreds of magnificent horses—man's best friend to the end—had breathed their last and lay by the sides of their dead masters. Silent sentinels upon horseback, as motionless almost as the dead about them, sat guarding this gruesome open-air charnel.

With the first streak of gray dawn the work of interment had begun. Bands of soldiers were engaged in digging graves and others were busy carrying the bodies to them. There was no attempt at system. Vast excavations were made and as many bodies as possible placed in them. The dead were generally buried where they fell. In one trench at the foot of the slope known as Culp's Hill sixty Confederates were buried. In that three days' fight 2834 Union soldiers were killed and 14,492 wounded. On the Confederate side there were 5500 killed and 21,500 wounded. Thousands of the slightly wounded cared for themselves without the assistance of either doctor or nurses. Thousands of others were shipped to the Satterlee Hospital, in West Philadelphia, where their wants were looked after by the Sisters of Charity in that institution. The remainder were forced to remain in Gettysburg.

This was the condition of things that confronted the brave Sisters as they rode over the battlefield on that scorching July day. Frightful as it may seem, their

carriage wheels actually rolled through blood. At times the horses could scarcely be induced to proceed on account of the ghastly objects in front of them. The sight of bodies piled two and three high caused the animals to rear up on their hind legs and kick over the traces in a most uncomfortable manner. In the midst of the sickening scenes the Sisters discovered one little group sitting about an improvised fire trying to cook some meat. The carriage was directed to this point and here again Father Burlando informed the soldiers of his errand. The officers seemed well pleased and told the Sisters to go into the town of Gettysburg, where they would find sufficient employment for their zealous charity. Every large building in Gettysburg was being filled as fast as the wounded men could be carried in. Within and around the city one hundred and thirteen hospitals were in operation, besides those located in private houses. On reaching Gettysburg the Sisters were shown to the hospital, where they distributed their little stores and did all they could to relieve and console the wounded soldiers.

The little band was soon disposed of by sending two uted. Two of the Sisters returned to Emmittsburg that same evening with Father Burlando, for the purpose of sending additional nurses to relieve those already on the ground. On arriving at the first hospital the surgeon in charge took the Sisters to the ladies who had been attending there and said to them: "Ladies, here are the Sisters of Charity come to serve our wounded; they will give all the directions here; you are only required to observe them." Those addressed cheerfully bowed their assent.

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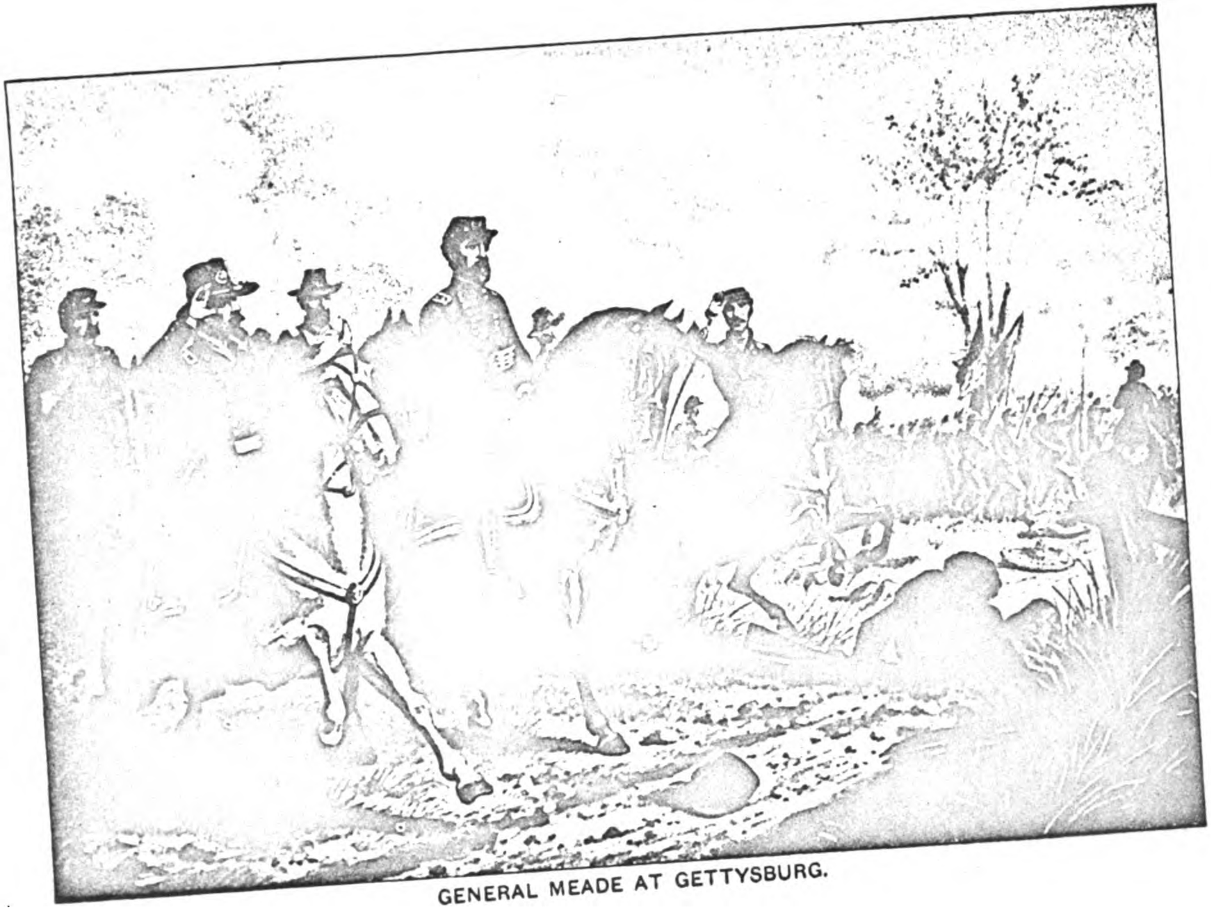

GENERAL MEADE AT GETTYSBURG.

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The soldiers seemed to think that the presence of the Sisters softened their anguish. One Sister was giving a drink to a poor dying man with a teaspoon. It was slow work and a gentleman who entered unobserved at the time stood near by without speaking for some moments. This gentleman was from a distance and was in search of the very person the Sister was serving. Standing a moment in silence, he exclaimed in a loud voice: "May God bless the Sisters of Charity," and repeated it emphatically, adding: "I am a Protestant, but may God bless the Sisters of Charity."

The Catholic Church in Gettysburg was filled with sick and wounded. The stations of the cross hung around the walls, with a very large oil painting of St. Francis Xavier holding in his hand a crucifix. The first man put in the sanctuary was baptized, expressing truly Christian sentiments. His pain was excruciating and when sympathy was offered him he said: "Oh, what are the pains I suffer compared with those of my Redeemer." Thus disposed he died. The soldiers lay on the pew seats, under them and in every aisle. They were also in the sanctuary and in the gallery, so close together that there was scarcely room to move about. Many of them lay in their own blood and the water used for bathing their wounds, but no word of complaint escaped from their lips. Others were dying with lockjaw, making it very difficult to administer drinks and nourishment. Numbers of the men had their wounds dressed for the first time by the Sisters, surgeons at that juncture being few in number. When the Sisters entered in the morning it was no uncommon thing to hear the men cry out: "Oh, come, please

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dress my wound," and "Oh, come to me next." To all the pain suffered by the soldiers was added the deprivations of home friends and home comforts, which in such times come so vividly to the mind.

Four of the Sisters attended the sick in the Transylvania College building, which for the time being was used as a prison for about six hundred Confederate soldiers. The Sisters dressed their wounds as in other cases. Every morning when they returned, eight or ten dead bodies lay at the entrance of the college awaiting interment. Two youths lay in an outstretched blanket and a little ditch two inches deep was around the earth they lay upon, to prevent the rain from running under them.

There was quite a sensational scene in this prison one morning. One of the Sisters hearing a great noise among the patients looked to see the cause. She discovered a group of men with guns aimed at one poor, helpless man. There had been a quarrel, and no one attempted to stop the strife. The Sister promptly and with no thought of personal danger hurried over to the group and placed her hand on the shoulder of the prospective corpse. Then she pushed him back into the surgeon's room, holding her other arm out to hinder the men from pursuing him. There was a dead silence. The poor man was put safely inside the doctor's room and his tormentors retired without a word, quietly putting away their guns. The silence continued for some time. The Sister placidly resumed her duties in the mess room.

Presently the doctor came to her and said: "Sister, you have surprised me. I shall never forget what I have witnessed. I saw their anger and heard the excitement, but feared that my presence would increase it. I did

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not know what to do, but you came and everything was all right. Indeed, this will never die in my memory."

"Well," replied the Sister calmly, "what did I do more than any other person would have done? You know they were ashamed to resist a woman."

"A woman!" exclaimed the doctor; "why, all the women in Gettysburg could not have effected what you have. No one but a Sister of Charity could have done this. Truly it would have been well if a company of Sisters of Charity had been in the war, for then it might not have continued so long."

One young man after being baptized requested the Sister to stay with him until he died. He prayed fervently until the last breath, and almost his final words were: "Oh, Lord, bless the Sisters of Charity." This brought a crowd around him, as his bed was on the floor. The Sister was kneeling by him and continued to pray for him until the last; then she closed his mouth and bandaged his face with a towel, in the usual manner. They who stood near said one to another: "Was this man her relative?"

"No," was the reply; "but she is a Sister of Charity."

"Well," said one of the company, "I have often heard of the Sisters of Charity, and I can now testify that they have been properly named."

The surgeon remarked to the religious: "Sisters, you must be more punctual at your repast. I see you are often here until 4 o'clock in the afternoon without your dinner, working for others with a two-fold strength. Where it comes from I do not know—forgetting no one but yourselves. You should, however, try to preserve your own health."

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A Protestant gentleman remarked to one of the Sisters that "the Sisters of Charity have done more for religion during the war than has ever been done in this country before."

Both the Catholic church and the Methodist church in Gettysburg were used for hospital purposes. One day a Sister from the Catholic church had ordered her supplies, as usual, from the sanitary store. Soon after this a Sister who was nursing the sick in the Methodist church called at the store and as she was about to leave the merchant said:

"Where are these articles to be sent? I believe that you belong to the Catholic church."

"No, sir," replied the Sister, with a barely suppressed smile. "I belong to the Methodist church. Send the goods there."

After the more severely wounded had been removed by friends, or had died, the officers began directing the work of transferring the remaining patients from the town hospital to a wood of tents, called the general hospital.

A Sister was passing through the streets of Gettysburg about this time when a Protestant chaplain, running several squares to overtake her, said:

"I see Sisters of Charity everywhere but in our general hospital. Why are they not there?"

The Sister told him that when the wounded men had been removed none of the surgeons or officers had asked them to go there or they would have gone willingly.

"Well," he said, "I will go immediately to the provost and ask him to have you sent there. I feel sure that he needs you there."

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In going over the field encampment one of the Sisters was pleased and saddened to find her own brother, whom she had not seen for nine years. He had been wounded in the chest and ankle and was in one of the hospitals in the town. The meeting under such circumstances was an affecting one. Both were devoted, loyal souls, each doing duty earnestly according to his or her knowledge of the right. Through the kindness of the officer of the day the wounded man was permitted to be removed to the hospital where his sister was in charge.

A few days after the battle of Gettysburg Father Burlando wrote a letter to one of his reverend colleagues in Maryland. Some of the facts mentioned in this document have already been told in this chapter, but the fact that it was written while the echoes of that famous fight were still fresh makes it of unusual interest. It is as follows:

Emmitsburg, July 8, 1863.

Rev. and Dear Sir:—You have been informed without doubt by the papers that we have been visited by the Army of the Potomac, and that very near us has been fought a terrible battle, the most bloody since the secession. St. Joseph has well taken care of his house, and St. Vincent of his daughters; we have not been troubled, or at least we have escaped with the slight loss of a little forage and some wooden palings, which have served for the wants of a portion of the army.

The evening of the 27th of June the troops commenced to appear upon a small hill a little distance from St. Joseph's. Regiment after regiment, division after division, all advanced with artillery and cavalry, and taking possession of all the heights encamped in order of battle. The 28th, 29th and 30th we were completely surrounded. General Howard and his suite took pos-

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session of our house in Emmitsburg; General Schultz and his suite were close to St. Joseph's, in the house which served some time since for an orphanage; the other Generals took quarters in different houses along the line of army.

For the protection of St. Joseph's General Schultz gave orders that guards should be posted in its environs, and General Howard did the same for our little place in Emmittsburg. A great number of officers asked permission to visit the house, and all conducted themselves with courtesy, expressing gratitude for the services rendered the soldiers in military hospitals by the Sisters.

On Monday this portion of the army departed, and was replaced by another not less numerous, which ranged itself in line of battle as the first. A colonel of artillery, Mr. Latrobiere, with other officers quartered in the orphanage; he also visited the Institution. The Sisters distributed bread, milk and coffee.

On the 1st of July the battle commenced about seven miles from Emmittsburg. Whilst the booming of the cannon announced that God was punishing the iniquities of man our Sisters were in church praying and imploring mercy for all mankind.

On Sunday I accompanied eight Sisters bearing medicaments and provisions for the wounded. At the distance of six miles we were stopped by a barricade, and at about three hundred yards there was another to intercept all communication. At the second was stationed a company of Federal soldiers, who perceived us from afar. I descended from the carriage, and raising a white handkerchief advanced to the second barricade, and announced the purpose of our errand. Immediately several soldiers were sent to open the way, and the two vehicles continued their route without danger. At some distance we found ourselves again in face of another barricade, which compelled us to make a long circuit. Behold us at last upon the scenes of combat—what a frightful spectacle! Ruins

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of burned houses; the dead of both armies lying here and there; numbers of dead horses; thousands of guns, swords, vehicles, wheels, projectiles of all dimensions, coverings, hats, habiliments of all color, covered the fields and the road. We made circuits to avoid passing over dead bodies; horses, terrified, recoiled or sprang from one side to the other. The further we advanced the more abundant were the evidences presented of a terrible combat, and tears could not be restrained in the presence of these objects of horror. At last we halted in the village of Gettysburg. There was found a good portion of the Federal army in possession of the field of battle. The inhabitants had but just issued from the cellars wherein they had sought safety during the engagement. Terror was still painted upon their countenances. All was in confusion, each temple, each house, the Catholic church, the Court House, the Protestant Seminary were filled with wounded, and still there were many thousands extended upon the field of battle nearly without succor. I placed two of our Sisters in each one of the three largest improvised hospitals, offered some further consolations to the wounded and then returned to St. Joseph's.

The next day I started with more Sisters and a re-inforcement of provisions. Meanwhile provisions had been sent by the Government, and the poor wounded succored, and the inhabitants having recovered from their terror have given assistance to thousands of suffering and dying. Eleven Sisters were now employed in this town transformed into a hospital. We shall send some Sisters and necessaries to-morrow if possible. Whilst I write you the sound of cannonading re-echoes from the South-west, where another engagement takes place. My God, when will you give peace to our unhappy country?

Yours, BURLANDO.

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CHAPTER XV.

SATTERLEE HOSPITAL.

A sketch of the remarkable labors of Sister Mary Gonzaga and her work as the executive head of a hospital where 50,000 sick and wounded soldiers were cared for. The chaplain kept busy preparing men for death. Bishop Wood visits the hospital and administers the sacrament of confirmation. A soldier who was saved from the stocks. A veteran's tribute.

As stated in the previous chapter many car-loads of wounded soldiers were conveyed from Gettysburg to the Satterlee Hospital in Philadelphia. Sister Mary Gonzaga, who was in charge of this institution, deserves special mention in connection with her work during the war. If nobility of character, earnestness and purity of purpose, great natural executive ability, together with unaffected piety and humility tell for anything, this Sister will rank high in the bright galaxy of self-sacrificing women whose lives have illumined the history of Catholic Sistershoods in the United States. Celebrating her golden jubilee more than 20 years ago (1) she can look back over a series of years in the course

SISTER GONZAGA.

(1). The interesting event took place on April 12, 1877.

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of which she has been school teacher, nurse, Mother Superior, head of a large orphan asylum and the executive of a great military hospital, where nearly 50,000 sick and wounded soldiers received the self-sacrificing attention of a staff of 40 Sisters of Charity. Sister Gonzaga, just before her death, was credited with being the oldest living Sister of Charity in the United States. She spent the tranquil evening of a busy and eventful life as the Mother Emeritus of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, one of the magnificent charities of the City of Brotherly Love.

This venerable woman's name in the world was Mary Agnes Grace. She came from a respected Baltimore family, being born in that city in 1812. She was baptized in St. Patrick's Church, and there and in a christian home received her preliminary religious training. In December, 1823, she was sent to St. Joseph's Academy, Emmitsburg, Md., where she proved to be a most diligent pupil. The four years she spent in this institution helped to make that certain foundation upon which her subsequent successful career was built. She had early conceived the idea of retiring from the world and devoting her life entirely to the service of God. Accordingly, on March 11, 1827, she was received into the community of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. In April, 1828, in company with two other Sisters, she opened a school in Harrisburg. On the 25th of March, 1830 she made her holy vows.

In May, 1830, Sister Gonzaga was sent to Philadelphia to St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, with which her future was to be so intimately connected. The Asylum at that time was situated on Sixth street, near Spruce, adjoining Holy Trinity Church. On October 24, 1836, the

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institution was removed to the site of the present asylum at the southwest corner of Seventh and Spruce streets. Four Sisters and fifty-one children comprised the population then. The Sisters were Sister Petronilla, Sister Theodosia, Sister Mary John and Sister Mary Gonzaga. Sister Petronilla died on August 3, 1843, sincerely mourned, and was succeeded by Sister Gonzaga, who remained in charge until October, 1844. Here she went on with her good work, placid and calm in the midst of the worrying turbulence of anti-Catholic bitterness and persecution, which at times threatened the lives of innocent women and children. In the latter part of 1844 she was sent to Donaldsonville, La., as assistant in the Novitiate, which at that time was for the purpose of graduating Southern postulants.

In the following year Sister Gonzaga was transferred to New Orleans. On March 19, 1851, she returned to St. Joseph's Asylum in Philadelphia to re-assume her former charge. In 1855 she was sent in an administrative capacity to the mother house of the Order in France, where she remained for a year, obtaining and imparting much valuable information regarding the work and duties of Sisters. In May, 1856, she returned to the United States, going to St. Joseph's, Emmittsburg where she filled the office of Procuratrix. In January, 1857, she returned to Philadelphia, taking charge of her old love, St. Joseph's Asylum, for the third time.

The beginning of the Civil War a few years later was to mark one of the most eventful epochs in the career of Sister Gonzaga, and to develop extraordinary gifts and qualities of administration. The Satterlee Military Hospital was established in Philadelphia. Dr. Walter F. At-

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lee, an honored physician of the Quaker City, felt that the interests of the Government and of the soldiers would be benefited if the Sisters of Charity were installed as nurses in the army hospital. He had several interviews with Surgeon-General Hammond and with the Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton. As a result of this the Sisters of Charity were invited to assume charge. On June 9, 1862, Sister Gonzaga, accompanied by 40 Sisters, assembled from all parts of the United States, entered upon the duties in the hospital. It is difficult to estimate the good work done by the Sisters during the period they spent in this place, which has been aptly styled the "shadow of the valley of death." In those three momentous years the Sisters nursed and cared for upwards of 50,000 soldiers. Only those who have had the care of the sick can begin to estimate the amount of ceaseless labor and patience involved in such a vast undertaking. The sick and wounded comprised both Union and Confederate soldiers. The gentleness of the Sisters soon endeared them to all under their charge.

In securing the necessary number of Sisters a requisition was made by Surgeon-General Hammond for twenty-five from the mother house at Emmittsburg. They were sent to Philadelphia at once to take their places in the new hospital. To quote one of the Sisters, the place was so large that "they could scarcely find the entrance." The workmen about the grounds looked at the Sisters in amazement, thinking perhaps that they belonged to some flying artillery. At 12 o'clock they repaired to the kitchen for dinner, and by the time this meal was finished they found plenty of work had been planned for them. One hundred and fifty men who

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had been brought in were in the wards. All of the Sisters went to work and prepared nourishment for the men, most of whom looked at them in astonishment, not knowing what kind of persons they might be, but among the number was a French soldier named Pierre, who immediately recognized the garb of the "Daughters of Charity." In a short time the number of patients was increased to nine hundred.

On the 16th of August over fifteen hundred of the sick and wounded were brought to the hospital, most of them from the Battle of Bull Run or Manassas. Many had died on the way from sheer exhaustion, others were in a dying state, so that the chaplain was kept busy in preparing the men for death. The wards being now crowded, tents were erected in the yard to accommodate over one thousand patients, for the Sisters at that time had not less than forty-five hundred in the hospital. When they first went to Satterlee their quarters were very limited, consisting of one small room, about seven feet square, which served as a chapel. Another, somewhat larger, answered the purpose of a dormitory by night and community room by day. Dr. Hayes soon supplied four more rooms, one of which was for a chapel. The soldiers, who were very much interested, took up a collection among themselves and gave the money to the Sisters, requesting them to purchase ornaments or whatever was needed for the chapel. Thy did so at different times until they finally had a good supply of everything that was necessary. They even secured new seats and sanctuary carpet. The men stipulated that when the hospital was closed the Sisters should take everything for the orphans.

In April, 1863, Rt. Rev. Bishop Wood administered

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the sacrament of confirmation in the little chapel to thirty-one soldiers, most of whom were converts and two of whom were over 40 years of age. In February, 1864, forty-four others received the sacrament of confirmation. One man was unable to leave his bed, and the Bishop was kind enough to go to the ward in his robes to confirm the man. After the ceremony the prelate distributed little souvenirs of his visit and then asked the Catholics who were present to approach the railing of the altar. To his great astonishment as well as satisfaction all in the chapel came forward. He gave a little exhortation and then dismissed them. Mass was said at 6 o'clock in the morning, and many of the patients were in the chapel at half-past four, in order to secure seats. This was generally the case on great festivals, although some of the crippled men had to be carried in the arms of their comrades. At 3 o'clock on Sundays and festivals vespers were sung in the chapel, in which the patients felt quite privileged to join. In Lent they had the Way of the Cross, and in May the devotions of the month of Mary. The chapel was always crowded at these times. The soldiers took great delight in decorating the chapel at Christmas with green boughs, festooned with roses; indeed, it always gave them great pleasure to help the Sisters in any kind of work, and they often interfered when they found their kind nurses engaged in laborious duties. In May, 1864, a Jubilee was celebrated at the hospital with great success.

Cases of smallpox had occurred in the hospital from time to time, but the patients were removed as soon as possible to the smallpox hospital, which was some miles from the city. The poor men were very much distressed because they were compelled to leave the Sisters. It was

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heartrending when the ambulances came to hear the men begging to be left at Satterlee, even if they were entirely alone, provided the Sisters were near them. The Sisters offered their services several times to attend these poor men, but were told that the Government had ordered them away to prevent the contagion from spreading. At last the surgeon in charge obtained permission to keep the smallpox patients in a camp some distance from the hospital. The tents were made very comfortable, with good large stoves to heat them. The next thing was to have the Sisters in readiness in case their services should be required. Every Sister was courageous and generous enough to offer her services, but it was thought prudent to accept one who had had the disease. From November, 1864, until May, 1865, there were upwards of ninety cases. About nine or ten of these died. Two of the men had the black smallpox, and were baptized before they expired. The Sisters had entire charge of the poor sufferers, as the physicians seldom paid them a visit, permitting the Sisters to do anything they thought proper for them. They were much benefited and avoided being marked by drinking freely of tea made of "pitcher plant." The patients seemed to think the Sisters were not like other human beings, or they would not attend to such loathsome and contagious diseases.

One day a Sister was advising an application for a man who had been poisoned in the face. He would not see the doctor because, he said, he did not do him any good. The Sister told him that the remedy she advised had cured a Sister who was poisoned. The man looked astonished and said: "A Sister?" She answered, "Yes." "Why," he said, "I did not know that Sisters ever got anything like

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that." She told him that they were human beings and liable to take diseases as well as anyone else. "But I believe they are not," he said, "for the boys often say they must be different from anyone else, or from other people, for they never get sick and they do for us what no other person would do. They are not afraid of the fever, small-pox or anything else." The men had more confidence in the Sisters' treatment than in that of the physicians'. The doctors themselves acknowledged that they would have lost more of their patients had it not been for the Sisters' watchful care and knowledge of medicine.

One occurrence will show the good feeling of the men towards the Sisters. One of the convalescent patients had been in town on a furlough, and while there had indulged too freely in liquor. On his return he went quietly to bed. A sister, not knowing this, went with his medicine as usual and touched his bedclothes to arouse him. The poor man, being stupid and sleepy, thought his comrades were teasing him, and lifting up his arm gave a terrific blow, sending the Sister and medicine across the room. Several of the convalescent patients seized their comrade by the collar, and would surely have choked him to death if the Sister had not compelled them to desist. However, he was soon reported by the men and sent under an escort to the guard house, where stocks were prepared for him.

Nothing could be done for his release, as the surgeon in charge was absent. As soon as that official returned the Sister begged that the poor man might return to his ward and be also free from all other punishment, as well as from imprisonment in the guard house. The surgeon complied with the Sister's request, but in order to make

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a strong impression on the soldier he dispatched an order to all the wards, which was read at roll call, as follows: "This man was released only by the earnest entreaty of the Sisters; otherwise he would have been punished with the utmost severity." When the poor man came to himself and learned what he had done he begged a thousand pardons and promised never to take liquor again.

The hospital was one of the largest in the country, and everything was arranged on a generous scale. It was not the cause of any wonder, therefore, when the wounded were brought in by the car-loads. Sister Gonzaga always recalled two events in the history of the institution with particular distinctness; the first was after the battle of Bull Run and the second the day following the battle of Gettysburg. After the battle of Bull Run the soldiers were brought to the hospitals by the hundreds. The time of the battle of Gettysburg there was a terrible period of suspense for the people of Philadelphia. They only knew in a general sort of way that a battle was taking place perhaps somewhere in the neighborhood of the State capital, but they had no information regarding the result, or who was the victor or vanquished. The earliest information came with the first consignment of wounded soldiers to the Satterlee Hospital. The sick and wounded from the blood-stained field of Gettysburg did not come by the dozen or by the car-load or by the hundred, but by the thousands. One careful estimate puts the number at four thousand. Such an emergency as this naturally tested the capacity of the women in charge, but Sister Gonzaga came through the ordeal with flying colors. The surgeon in chief of the hospital was Dr. Isaac Hayes, who achieved much fame by his connection with the celebrated

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Kane Arctic exploring expedition, and who afterwards headed an expedition of his own. The wards of the hospital were very commodious and comfortable, each one accommodating at least seventy-five beds.

Dr. Hayes was as a kind father to the Sisters, consulting them upon everything that would contribute to their comfort and happiness. Through the kind offices of Dr. Hayes and Dr. Atlee they secured a chaplain, Father Crane, who said Mass for them once a week. In the early part of the war many of the wounded soldiers were taken to St. Joseph's Hospital, where Sister Hillary was in charge. The hospital was then located in a dwelling house on Girard avenue, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth street. After the battle of Bull Run about sixty soldiers were cared for at St. Joseph's Hospital. At the same time St. Teresa's Church, of which the venerable Hugh Lane is pastor, was temporarily used as a hospital for wounded soldiers. The Sisters from Emmittsburg, as detailed in the previous chapter, did much good service after the fight at Gettysburg, going directly from their mother house in Maryland to the scene of the battle.

There is an old and very rare print of the Satterlee Hospital still in existence. From this valuable documentary evidence it is clear that the hospital occupied many acres of ground. In order to reach the building it was necessary to cross a bridge in the vicinity of South street. In crossing this at the time the hospital was opened the carriage containing a number of Sisters broke down and they were compelled to walk the remainder of the distance.

During all the time of the war Sister Gonzaga remained in charge of St. Joseph's Asylum, which she visited at regular intervals. At the close of the war she

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returned to give her whole time to the Asylum; the other Sisters returning to their various missions.

Sister Gonzaga has had frequent visits from grateful soldiers who were nursed back to life through her christian devotion. One who heard of her serious illness a few years ago called, and then, as the outpouring of a grateful heart, sent the following letter to the Philadelphia Evening Star as "A soldier's tribute to the noble work of Mother Gonzaga during the war:"

"In your valuable paper dated yesterday the announcement was made that Mother Gonzaga, in charge of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, southwest corner of Seventh and Spruce streets, was lying dangerously ill. In reciting her many acts of charity for the young orphans under her care and protection, victims of epidemics, etc., during the many years of her life, you were not aware that the short notice touched a tender chord of affection in the breast of many a veteran of the late war.

"Mother Gonzaga was am other of sixty thousand soldiers, as patients under treatment in Satterlee United States Army Hospital, Forty-fourth and Pine streets, from 1862 until 1865. Those who were under her care, no matter of what religion or creed, when they received the midnight visits of Mother Gonzaga, her silent steps after 'taps' and by the dim gaslight, will recognize her familiar countenance surrounded by that white-winged hood or cowl, just bending her form to hear the faint breath or whisper of some fever patient or some restless one throwing off the bed clothes; she kindly tucking them in around his body as a mother would a child; then a visit to the dying to give them expressions of comfort. Those who recall these scenes I say think of her truly as an angel of peace and sweetness.

"Administering medicine when required, loosening a bandage or replacing the same, watching a case of a sufferer in delirium—at all times annoying to those near him—was her daily duty. To see her always calm, al-

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SISTER MARY GONZAGA.

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ways ready, with modesty and fidelity, faithfully performing a Christian duty as an administering angel when physicians, surgeons, friends and all human aid had failed, was a beautiful sight. No poet could describe, no artist could faithfully portray on canvas the scenes at the deathbed of a soldier, that would convey to those not having witnessed them the solemnity of the quiet kneeling, the silent prayer, a murmur faintly heard as a whisper, a Sister of Charity paying her devotion to Him on high, and consigning the spirit of the dying soldier to His care.

"As one of many thousands under her care I shall always think of Mother Gonzaga as one of a constellation of stars of the greatest magnitude—surrounded by many others that were devoted servants, among whom I would mention Dorothea Dix, Annie M. Ross, Hettie A. Jones and Mary Brady. We soldiers cannot forget the service they rendered.

"J. E. MacLane."

On the 12th of April, 1877, Sister Gonzaga celebrated the occasion of her golden jubilee in the Sisterhood. On the previous 19th of March she had attained her 50th year in the community. On that day she received the blessing of the Holy Father (Pope Pius IX), a gracious act obtained for her at the suggestion of Rev. Father Alizeri, C. M., a saintly man and a faithful missionary, who has since gone to his reward. Bishops, priests, Sisters and laymen vied with one another on this jubilee occasion in showing the reverence and esteem in which they held the simple religious woman who had gone about doing good for so many years.

Ten years later she was recalled to the mother house at Emmittsburg by her superiors, who desired to relieve her of her responsibility as the head of such a large institution. Born to obedience she promptly responded to the order, and left the house which had become as a home;

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left friends who had become endeared to her, and left orphans who truly regarded her as a mother. There was not a murmur from this woman who was being taken away from associations with which she had been lovingly and intimately connected for nearly half a century.

Her Philadelphia friends, without solicitation and spontaneously and simultaneously, addressed petitions to her superiors requesting her return to the scenes of her life's labors. In the words of one who loved Sister Gonzaga, "Heaven was stormed by fervent prayers for the return of the Mother of the Poor." She remained at Emmittsburg for sixteen months, and at the end of that time returned to Philadelphia. Her home-coming on the 20th of December, 1888, was made the occasion of a great demonstration. The Sisters, the orphans, the managers of the asylum and a host of friends participated.

The actual extent of the good done by Sister Gonzaga is scarcely realized by those who are around her. Many of her charitable acts have been done quietly, even secretly. There was one story with almost the pathos of a tragedy in which she was concerned. The daughter of an estimable family went astray, and the parents in the first violence of their anger and grief turned her out of the house. A few months passed, and then their sober better judgment coming to the surface they attempted to find and forgive the child they had disowned. But they searched in vain, and finally almost in despair turned to Sister Gonzaga. She had not the slightest clue to the missing girl, but she pledged herself to bring her back. In a short time she located the erring one in the insane ward of the Philadelphia Hospital. She was a raving maniac. The girl was restored to her remorseful parents, and by careful nursing was gradually brought back to reason.

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On another occasion when the Sister was missing for an hour or so every day it was discovered that she was in daily attendance on a poor woman who lay ill in a small house in a street near by. Although this was entirely foreign to her duties she regularly called and washed and dressed the woman.

Sister Gonzaga departed this life on the morning of October 8, 1897, in her room in St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, in Philadelphia. A black piece of crape, on top of which was fastened a bit of immaculate white ribbon, fluttered from the bell on the door of the asylum on that day to inform the passer-by that this marvelous woman had gone to receive her reward.

The obsequies of Sister Gonzaga took place on the morning of Tuesday, October 12th. On the evening before this event countless numbers took a last farewell of the devoted Sister. Hundreds of women and men kissed her dead face as she lay in her coffin. They kissed her hands, which held the Rosary, and about which was twined the broad, purple ribbon of her office as Superioress. Some of the women shed tears, but the men seemed even more deeply affected.

On the morning of the funeral the body lay in state. It was attired in the habit of the order, with a black gown and the white headdress. Clasped in her hand was a crucifix and rosary and a small roll of paper, on which was written the vows that the deceased took when entering upon her work.

The casket was heavily trimmed in silver, and upon the lid was a plate containing this inscription: "Sister Mary Gonzaga, died October 8, 1897, aged 85 years." Near the top of the lid was a large silver cross, with a figure of the crucifixion. Upon the head of Sister Gon-

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zaga there reposed a golden-leaved crown, that was presented to her when she had been 50 years a Sister of Charity.

There was a profusion of floral offerings tastefully arranged about the head of the casket. In a prominent place was a cross and crown from the "Children of Mary," a society composed of former inmates of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum.

The body lay in the community room, beneath the altar. Half a hundred Sisters of Charity were seated along the side of the room. The entire apartment was draped in black. By 10 o'clock, when the doors were closed, several thousand persons had passed around the casket. At length the hearse drew up before the asylum, and eight students from St. Vincent's Seminary carried the coffin out to the street. A long procession quickly formed and slowly the march to St. Mary's Church was begun, the route being down Spruce to Fourth and up Fourth. Arriving at the church the eight theologians again acted as pall-bearers, and the casket was carried up the aisle and placed in front of the altar.

Among the mourners were the Board of Managers of the institution, Sisters of Charity from various houses of the order in this and nearby cities, Sisters of other orders, the Children of Mary, composed of those who were formerly inmates of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, numbers of them now mothers of families, and the orphans at present at the home. In addition to these a large congregation was present, which crowded the church.

Solemn Requiem Mass celebrated by Very Rev. J. A. Hartnett, C. M., of St. Vincent's Seminary, German-

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town, who celebrated his first Mass at St. Joseph's Asylum chapel. Rev. E. O. Hiltermann, rector of Holy Trinity, was deacon; Rev. Edward Quinn, C. M., of Baltimore, sub-deacon, and Rev. John J. Duffy, master of ceremonies. Mr. Johon F. Walsh, a seminarian, was thurifer. Bishop Prendergast, who occupied a seat on the Gospel side of the altar, was attended by Rev. James O'Reilly, of Downingtown, and Rev. T. B. McCormick, C. M., of St. Vincent de Paul's.

The sermon was delivered by Rev. John Scully, S. J., rector of St. Joseph's, who spoke in substance as follows:

"St. Paul tells us in his first letter to the Corinthians that the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God, and in order that God may show to us that this is so the same Apostle tells us that the base, the lowly of this world and the contemptible hath God chosen and the things that are not in order to confound the things that are. How true in all ages have been these inspired words of the Apostle! How true to-day. This foolishness, this wisdom of the world, so foolish in the eyes of God, differs in degree and kind in different ages. In our age it shows itself in the attempt to divide human philanthropy and brotherly love from religion. Take the intellect and culture of this great city in which we live, and what does it lay down as law, except it be that mankind must practice altruism, as they call it, brotherly love, the civic virtue by which alone society among men can be made possible, yet not one word about the essential basis which even the modern pagan sees is necessary. When talking about our rights they say nothing of the rights of God, and when talking of our obligations to one another they say nothing of our obligations to God, without which nothing can rest on a solid basis.

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"The wisdom of the world is foolishness. The lowly are chosen by God to confound the worldly wise. In the days of old God raised David from the shepherd of a flock to be the ruler of His people. Christ chose the poor fishermen to be His Apostles. He called St. Vincent de Paul from the lowly occupation of a shepherd to be a wonder-worker, a marvel, a propagator of charity, not only in his own days, but up to the present time. How many millions of dollars are spent in the spirit of modern philanthropy? For education, in order to raise men up as they think, to give men a chance in life. Because it is divided from religion it falls. The late Mr. Vaux said on what was perhaps his last official visit to the penitentiary: 'When I first came here I found the children of the poor and the ignorant. Now I find my own schoolmates.' Thus are spent millions in charity, or rather in almsgiving, for it is not worthy to be called charity. What is the result. It puffs up one with pride and another with envy.

"The reason why the thing is done differently is the motive under the acts of thousands and tens of thousands who have given up their lives to works of charity. Have you ever heard of a soldier wishing to become a member of a church to which a trained nurse belonged? How different when the motive is that of Jesus Christ. It is the experience of thousands who beg to be allowed to die in that religion of the devoted Sisters who attended them, and it was this that caused a bishop to receive a petition from a remote part of the diocese for a priest to be sent there and a church built. He replied that not only was he ignorant that so many Catholics were there, but that there was even one Catholic. The answer was, 'There are no Catholics here yet, but we are

men who were attended by the Sisters and we want to be of the religion of the Sisters.' The base, ignoble and contemptible things of this world has God chosen for His work.

"What is more foolish in the eyes of the world; what is more despised and held in contempt by the intellectual and the cultured than poverty? Yet the Sisters are bound by vows of poverty to be as poor as Christ, to live a life of dependence, depending on one another for their very food and raiment. What more foolish in the eyes of the world than that! As the wise man has said, they are a parable of reproach, looked on with derision. What is more foolish, more base, more spiritless, more contemptible than to find women, ladies, willingly binding themselves, not by impulse, but by vocation, not as a mere whim, but perpetually to live by rule, doing that to which no man ever yet got accustomed, to purify their acts to make them meritorious in the sight of God? And obedience! The world hates and loathes obedience, yet our Divine Lord was obedient even unto death, the death of the cross.

"What is the result of all the so-called charity and philanthropy? Nothing lasting. Search the hearts of thousands of men, women and children who have been benefited by the Sisters and you will find there the love of God.

"Such was the life of the devoted woman who spent 70 years doing good. Many philanthropists have monuments raised to them and are looked upon as public benefactors and honored as such. Take him or her who was greatest among them, or all of them together, what are all compared with a life such as hers, spent in the care of the poor, sick and needy? One long life doing

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good. A life not only an imitation of Jesus Christ in its acts, but what is more necessary and more difficult, a life in imitation of His motives. The world looks in reproach upon such a life. How many times has she been sneered at on the street in her poor dress and strange bonnet! How often has the world looked with contempt on her that served the Lord so faithfully. How He loved that soul that did as He did and for the same reason. All I have said could be said of almost any other Sister of Charity, but of her, who lived for 70 years in religion, how much could be said those only can know who lived with her and knew her and loved her the more they knew her. Of how few can this be said—to have combined in one and the same person the power of execution, the power of government, and at the same time the spirit of kindness and of great-heartedness which does not make commands ever necessary. Without emotion, without anger. No one ever saw that kindly face ruffled. This is rare in the world—yes, even rare in the religious life. To speak of her life and to realize that thousands and tens of thousands of orphans have had her care, many becoming mothers of families and bringing up their children influenced by her example. To realize her hard work in the military hospital, to think of the thousands and tens of thousands dealt with directly by her or indirectly through her as superioress. What a world of well doing! Seventy years in religion; 85 years spent in the serving of Christ. What a wonderful crown is won by her whose dead body is lying here! Seventy years a member of the community whose very name is held even by the enemies of her faith as a synonym of all that is good in humanity—something which raises humanity and brings it close to God.

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"Now the reign of sorrow and desolation has passed away. She has gone forth from the scene of her labor to her rest. She has gone into the sight of Jesus Christ, whom in life she made her Friend. Not to meet the severe face of a Judge, but the smiling countenance of a dear friend. Who would recall her? Not those who loved her most, who lived with her in community; not those who were the recipients of her bounty. What so glorious as a death such as hers after 70 years in God's service. Says St. Hilary, 'Shall I fear to die after I have served my Lord for 70 years?' So died she, because she knew the good Master she served.

"As theologians tell us, God makes known to his saints the needs of those whom they have left behind. 'Thou who knowest the needs of thy children be their advocate and pattern now as ever in life. Be unto us a mother and pray for us that we may go forth as thou hast from this valley of affliction and tears to the sunshine of God the Father, to live forever with His Son, our Lord, Jesus Christ."

The absolution of the body was performed by Bishop Prendergast, assisted by the officers of the Mass. The music was the Gregorian chant, with the introit, offertory, communion and "Benedictus" in harmony. This was rendered by the students of St. Vincent's Seminary, Germantown. From among them were chosen the pall-bearers also. The prominent part taken in the services by the Congregation of the Mission was due to the fact that St. Vincent de Paul, its founder, was also founder of the Sisters of Charity.

Eleanor C. Donnelly, the gifted Philadelphia poetess, has written the following verses in memory of Sister Gonzaga and inscribed them to Sister Mary Joseph and her community, with affectionate sympathy:

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Thrice in the rounding of one little year,
  Saint Mary's hallowed temple hath revealed
An honored priest reposing on his bier,
  His pallid lips in icy silence sealed.

Thrice, have regretful tears bedewed the urn
  Where sacerdotal ashes were enshrined;
Youth, age and ripen'd manhood, each in turn,
  Unto Saint Mary's funeral vaults consigned.*

And now, before the fading flow'rs have strown
  Their last, sweet, withered petals round the place;
Or early snows lie white upon the stone
  That shuts from sight each well-remembered face—

Before the shades of the anointed Dead
  Have melted from Saint Mary's aisles away,
We hear once more the mourner's solemn tread—
  Another saint is here in death, to-day!

Dear Sister Gonzaga! good mother, friend
  Of Christ's own little ones—His precious poor!
From Life's beginning to its blessed end
  Thy Words were Wisdom's, and thy works were pure.

In tender youth, betrothed to thy Lord;
  For three-score years and ten His faithful spouse,
He was thine aim—thy solace—thy reward—
  Bound to His Sacred Heart by deathless vows!

Toiler of yore with Kenrick, Neuman, Wood,
  One of our Faith's first local pioneers!
So long hath been thy service, and so good,
  Thou needest not our prayers or pitying tears!

For death is gain to thee, tho' loss to all
  Thou leavest here. Thy prayers must plead for them.
The orphans' tears that sparkle on thy pall
  Shall prove on high thy brightest diadem.

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*Rev. Hugh J. McManus, December, 1896; Rev. Eugene J. Bardet, March, 1897; Right Rev. Mgr. Toner, September, 1897.

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The dear old heart that loved them now is stilled,
  The dear old voice they loved is heard no more;
She waits afar with ardent yearning filled
  To bid them welcome to the eternal shore!

Prate not of sculptur'd immortality—
  Her children's virtues shall her heart content
If all who look upon their lives shall see
  In each their Mother's lasting monument.

The old-time friends may leave us, one by one,
  The ancient landmarks swiftly fade away—
The good that Sister Gonzaga hath done
  Shall live when brass and marble both decay!

Then lay her gently down, in peace and trust,
  Where angel-memories shall guard her bed;
Her soul is with her God; her virgin dust
  Sleeps sweetly with Saint Mary's sainted dead!

October 12, 1897. ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Sister Gonzaga has a countenance of great benignity and firmness. A high forehead, a kindly mouth and eyes which even age has not been able to dim. She is a model of graciousness and good breeding. The effects of a good education are still visible, and the results of a well-balanced and well-trained mind are seen in a remarkably accurate and strong memory. The story of her life is well worth the telling, serving as it does as a model and incentive for those who would be successful in their chosen vocation.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE FALL OF RICHMOND.

Preparing for the close of the war. Sisters of Charity in the West enlisted in the military prison at Altoona. Smallpox cases removed to an island in the Mississippi. Leaders of the Southern Confederacy realize that their cause is lost. Scenes of wild excitement in Richmond. Blessings for the Sisters.

General Grant, who had been laying siege to Vicksburg, had captured that stronghold on the Fourth of July, 1863. Then came the surrender of Fort Hudson and the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge.

Grant in 1864 was made Lieutenant-General and placed in command of all the armies of the United States. Early in May he led the Army of the Potomac across the Rapidan toward Richmond. For six weeks he tried to get between Lee's army and Richmond without success. In this fruitless effort he fought the battles of the Wilderness, North Anna, Bethesda Church and Cold Harbor, losing 40,000 men. Then he moved his whole army south of the James and laid siege to Petersburg.

The burning of Chambersburg by the Confederates

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and the valor of General Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley, with Admiral Farragut's achievements at sea, completed the notable events of 1864.

In the fall of 1864 Sherman began his march to the sea, which was unique in modern warfare, and was completely successful. The last campaign began in the spring of 1865. On April 1, 1865, Petersburg was evacuated, the Union Army entered Richmond on the 2d. On the 9th of April came the surrender of Lee to Grant at Appomattox, which was the practical end of the war. Long before this the Sisters of Charity felt that their work was drawing to a close. In the meantime, however, their services were being utilized in the West. Colonel Ware, who was then in command of the prisons of that section, applied to the Bishop of Alton, Ill., for the Sisters of Charity to attend the prisoners at Alton. Accordingly, Bishop Yonker applied to the Sister servant of St. Philomena's School, St. Louis. One of the Sisters was at that time in St. Louis at the Gratiot State Prison Hospital. She received a dispatch from Father Burlando to go to Alton and take with her three Sisters. They started early the next morning, March 15, 1864, and reached Alton in twenty-four hours. There they were met by Father Harty, who conducted them to the residence of a gentleman, a member of the City Council.

Colonel Ware soon called to see them and accompanied them to the prison, which had been formerly called the Illinois State Penitentiary. It had been vacated before the war for a more commodious and healthy locality. Before reaching the main entrance the Sisters had to ascend a very rugged road, well protected by guards. Here a residence would have been provided for them, but they

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did not think it safe or prudent to accept it. They passed through the yard, which was crowded with prisoners, numbering four thousand Confederates and one thousand Federals, the latter being confined there for desertion and through follies committed in camp. The two parties were separated, except in the hospital. The poor sick were so delighted to see the Sisters that they could scarcely contain themselves.

It is said that the men died in this hospital at the rate of from six to ten a day. The place was too small for the number of inmates, who were all more or less afflicted with diseases. Some were wounded, other a prey to despondency, typhoid fever and the smallpox; consequently the atmosphere of the prison was very foul. Fortunately the smallpox cases were removed to an island in the Mississippi as soon as discovered. The Sisters made arrangements with Colonel Ware to visit the sick twice a day. As there were no accommodations for the Sisters to remain in the prison they returned to the residence of Councilman Wise, who had so kindly received them in the morning. He could not accommodate them, but procured lodgings for them in the house of his sister, where they remained for nearly six weeks. On their return to the prison the next day the Sisters found written orders from the Government. They also met there the attending physicians, who appeared glad to see them and said that they hoped soon to see an improvement in the condition of the sufferers, who had been heretofore much neglected. The Sisters were informed that four of the patients had died during the previous night. A place was alloted to them to prepare drinks and nourishment for the sick. It was an old workshop, and the floors were in such a

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condition that the Sisters were continually in danger of falling through. The attendants, who were prisoners, were exceedingly kind and obliging, so much so that they would even anticipate the wishes of the Sisters.

Two weeks had scarcely elapsed before the sick began to improve. The doctors acknowledged a change for the better, saying that there were fewer deaths, and that despondency had nearly disappeared. A look of commiseration or a word of encouragement soon made these poor victims feel that they were cared for at least by the lowly children of St. Vincent. The Sisters visited the Federal Guards Hospital and the smallpox island hospital at the request of Colonel Ware. They visited the Federal Guards Hospital once a day and the smallpox island hospital once a week, but even that consoled the poor patients, as the Sisters provided them with delicacies and nourishment they mostly craved.

On the 1st of May the Sisters took possession of a house belonging to St. Joseph's, Emmittsburg, that had been previously occupied as a school, but was then vacated. They were now one mile distant from the prison, and an ambulance was sent daily to convey them to and fro.

On July 1 they were notified that their services were no longer required at the prison. They could do nothing until the superiors were acquainted with their situation. Meanwhile the citizens were anxious to have them remain in Alton and convert their house into a hospital. They soon received a letter from the venerated Mother Ann Simeon, giving permission to open a civil hospital for the citizens of Alton. One of the Sisters was sent to St. Joseph's Hospital, Alton, to wait on the sick and

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wounded soldiers from the battle of Winchester. There was one man in the ward who was nicknamed "Blue Beard," from his ferocious manners and large mustache. He would never ask for anything nor take anything offered to him. One day when he was being urged to take some nourishment he replied:

"Sister, I do not wish for anything that you have. There is only one thing, and that I do not think you can procure for me."

The Sister inquired what it was and assured him that if it were in her power she would get it for him. He then replied:

"Sister, I should like to have a lily. I think it would do me so much good."

The wish was a strange one, nevertheless she at once determined to gratify him, which the kindness of a friend enabled her to do. This little act of kindness was not without effect, and from that time the man had a high regard for the Sisters.

A poor family who had been banished from their home took shelter in the city. Their misery was so great that three of the number died from starvation, but as soon as their distress was made known to the parish priest he procured immediate relief for them. The mother and grandmother died, but the other members of the family were brought to the hospital quite sick, with the exception of two little children, who were taken to the asylum. It was a pitiful sight to witness the poor dying man entrusting his orphan children to the good pastor.

At the termination of the war, in 1865, the prisoners received their discharge. It was sad to see the streets of the city lined with the ragged and distressed looking men.

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MULVANEY'S "SHERIDAN'S RIDE."

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The sick were brought to St. Joseph's Hospital, which was soon filled. The Sisters gave the soldiers the very best attention and consideration, and within a few months the majority of the men were enabled to return to their homes and families.

The little band of Sisters who had been laboring in Frederick City, Md., from 1862 to 1864 certainly did their share in caring for helpless humanity. They were kept actively employed in Frederick City during the summer and autumn of 1862. They found then that their work was not nearly done. The winter set in with heavy rains and deep snow, to which they were constantly exposed. The poor patients had likewise much to suffer from the badly constructed buildings. The wind, rain and snow penetrated through the crevices, leaving the poor men in a most uncomfortable condition. This was called to the attention of the chief surgeon, who immediately gave orders for the dilapidated barracks to be repaired as much as possible.

Some of the soldiers were quite amusing with their grateful intentions. A Sister was asked one day whether she ever wore any other color but gray or black, "for," he continued, "I wish to present Sister Agnes with a new dress; she has been so truly good to me."

The soldiers seemed to have the greatest confidence in the Sisters, whose advice they preferred before that of the physicians. General Hunter had now received command of the Shenandoah Valley. He visited the hospital and issued an order that all the prisoners should be placed by themselves in separate barracks entirely apart from the Union men. Soon after the United States surgeon in charge of the hospital inspected all the bar-

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racks and found one filled with Confederates and with no Sister to take charge of them. The sufferings of these poor men touched him so much that he immediately went to the Sister servant and requested her to send a Sister from a ward of the Union soldiers to take care of the Confederates. The patience of these poor sufferers was the admiration of all. A worthy clergyman once remarked that in his visits to the hospital he was always edified by their resignation. He said he had never heard the least murmur escape their lips, and commenting upon this he remarked: "I think the intensity of their pain, both mentally and physically, might, if offered in unison, expiate the sins of their whole life."

About this time the leaders of the Southern Confederacy began to realize that the clouds were gathering about them and that their cause was hanging in the balance, if indeed it was not already destined to failure. They resolved to concentrate their hospital facilities in and around the city of Richmond, Va. The Sisters who had been doing work upon the various battlefields in the South were summoned to the Southern capital. The Sisters had served at Harper's Ferry, Manassas, Antietam, Fredericksburg and White House, Va. They were given a chaplain and had the privilege of Mass four times a week.

The Sisters who were located in Richmond at this time began to feel "in their bones" that the fall of the city was imminent. They were right. The long expected event occurred in April, 1865. Jefferson Davis, the President of the Southern Confederacy, was at worship in an Episcopal church when he was handed a telegram telling him that Richmond must be evacuated. He presented a

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calm exterior, but bad news is hard to conceal, and the exact situation was soon noised about the city. The wildest excitement prevailed. Men, women and children rushed hither and thither, knowing not what to do or where to go. Finally their frenzy assumed a decisive shape and a general evacuation of the city began. The Sisters, who constituted the calmest portion of the population, looked on the scene with mild amazement.

The City Councils met and with the general interests of the people in view determined to destroy all the liquor in Richmond. This work was begun at midnight and before the first gray streaks of dawn revealed the terror-stricken city to the public gaze the streets and gutters were running with veritable lakes of whisky, wine and beer. Many of the soldiers and some of the residents balked the good intentions of the Councils by drinking the liquor, and then scenes of drunken revelry were added to the general confusion. Thieves broke loose, houses were robbed, public buildings were fired and bridges leading from the city were destroyed.

Notwithstanding the foresight of the authorities on the coming defeat, its arrival was most appalling. Medical stores, commissary departments and other houses were thrown open. The city was troubled from the blowing up of the gunboats in the river. The Sisters were preparing to go to Mass early in the morning when suddenly a terrific explosion stunned, as it were, the power of thought. The noise of the breaking of windows in the hospitals and neighboring buildings added greatly to the alarm. The Sisters soon learned that the Confederates had blown up their supplies of powder which were very

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near the hospital buildings; then followed an explosion of all the Government buildings.

After the surrender a Federal officer rode up to the door of the Sisters' house and told them they were perfectly safe, their property would be respected and that he would send a special guard to protect their house. No resistance was shown to the Union troops. The city was placed under military rule and General G. F. Shepley made Governor. One thousand prisoners were found in the city and five thousand sick and wounded were in the hospitals. The prisoners were set free and the Sisters with joy hailed the peace that was once again to dawn on a blood-washed land. They remained in Richmond until the sick and wounded were able to quit the hospitals and then returned home to Emmitsburg, followed by the gratitude and blessings of the men of both armies.

The soldiers who were in the Washington hospitals also returned to their homes impressed with the kindest feelings toward the Sisters. The officers and doctors all concurred in expressing unlimited confidence in them. Printed placards were hung in all the wards, reading: "All articles for the use of the soldiers here are to be placed in the care of the Sisters of Charity, as also papers, books and clothing."

Early in the summer of 1865 the Sisters took their departure and the hospital was permanently closed. Another hospital in Washington began its operations in March, 1865, and closed in October of the same year. The Sisters were placed in charge, and, since their customs and calling were known, did not experience as much annoyance as in the beginning of the war.

The house was well filled with the sick and wounded.

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During the month of July the Jesuit Fathers were giving a jubilee at their church in the city of Washington and many of the convalescents attended.

The officers of the hospital expressed much gratitude for all that had been done by the Sisters. The first surgeon was at a loss to know how to put his satisfaction into words, saying that the Sisters of Charity had marvelously lessened the cares of the physicians and surgeons in all of the hospitals in which they served.

This concludes the story of the work done by the Sisters of Charity of Emmittsburg from the beginning to the close of the war. While they were at work, however, the Sisters belonging to branches of the order and to other orders were not idle, as will be seen by the chapters that follow.

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